

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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NEW C.N. GAME: WHO GOES WHERE? See Inside

A GOOD PIECE OF NEWS

GERMANY AND POLAND AGREE

A Ten-Years Peace Pact and What It Means For Europe

SILESIA AND THE CORRIDOR

One piece of good news comes to Europe in these difficult days. Germany and Poland have signed a Ten-Years Pact of Peace.

The agreement pledges them to settle all disputes arising between them without resort to force of arms.

We recorded last year that agreement had been reached in principle; now the Pact has been signed. It sets out that the two Governments think it time to begin a new era in their relations by direct negotiation, and that peace between them is essential to the peace of Europe. Therefore they have decided to base their mutual dealings on the Kellogg Peace Pact of 1928.

In no circumstances, they declare, will they proceed to the use of force for the purpose of settling disputes.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this agreement.

The Free City of Danzig

There are great issues outstanding between these two countries, the chief of which are the Polish Corridor, Danzig, and the Partition of Upper Silesia.

The Treaty of Versailles, to give Poland access to the Baltic Sea, gave her a strip of territory right through Prussia, cutting Germany into two parts. At the same time the city and port of Danzig, capital of West Prussia, together with 580 square miles of Prussian area, were cut off, called the Free City of Danzig, and placed under the administration of the League, Poland being given control of its foreign relations.

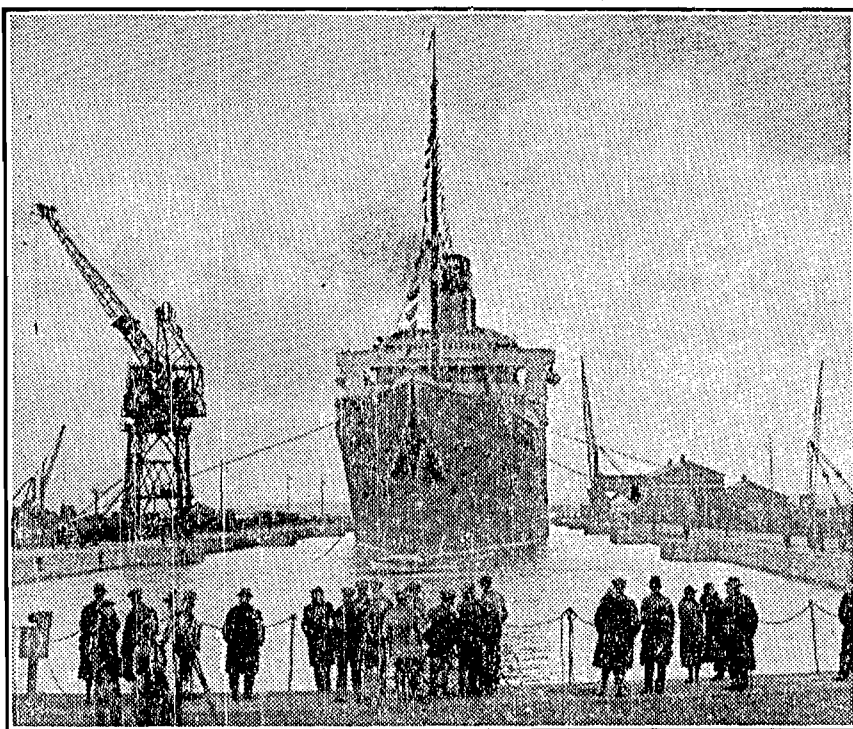
This lane through Germany to the sea has been called the Polish Corridor, and Germany's dislike of it is easily understood. It is as though a great strip of territory ran through England, dividing it into two parts, and labelled France or Germany. No German can travel from East to West Prussia across the Corridor without a licence.

The Problem of Upper Silesia

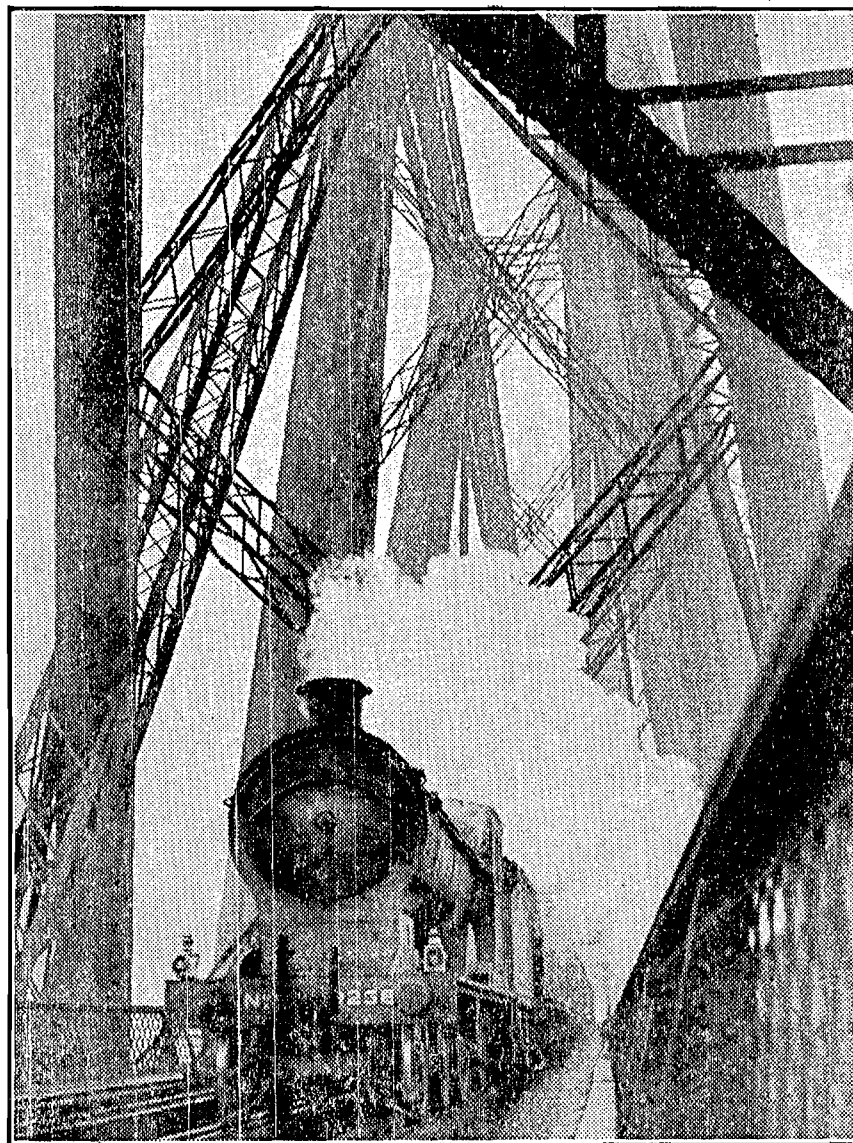
The other great grievance is the partition of Upper Silesia. Under the Peace Treaty a plebiscite of the people of Upper Silesia was taken to decide the fate of the territory. Although the voting went in favour of Germany, a Commission appointed to divide the territory gave the richest region, including most of its industrial wealth, to Poland.

All this being so, the fact that Germany renounces for ten years any but a peaceful solution of such grave troubles is a very big thing indeed, and all the world will rejoice in the display of friendly spirit which has made this great event possible.

Kings of the Twentieth Century



The world's biggest ship, Majestic, in the world's biggest graving dock at Southampton



A train crossing the Forth Bridge

A BEETLE AT THE MICROPHONE

THE DEATH WATCH BROADCASTS

How It Gives Itself Away With Its Munching

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE

A number of visitors to the Forest Products Research Station at Princes Risborough the other day must have imagined themselves back in their childhood, playing the old game of Animal Blind Man's Buff.

"Make a noise like a giraffe," or it may be "like a goldfish" were the sort of orders called out by the blindfolded man to delighted but embarrassed children. We fancy that no inspired child ever asked another to "make a sound like a death-watch beetle," yet it has a far easier sound to imitate than, let us say, a worm turning or a spider calling to a fly, as was demonstrated at Princes Risborough to the party of grown-ups.

Through the Loud-Speaker

A microphone was placed on a bit of wood, everybody in the laboratory held his breath, and then through the loud-speaker came the unmistakable noise of a death-watch beetle, the first ever to broadcast.

It was not a star turn, for it lacked variety; but there it was—munch, munch, munching away and disclosing its presence in an innocent-looking bit of wood. This noisy cater gives himself away to the microphone every time, for he never seems to rest or sleep, and so we have another means of tracking him down and in due course, we hope, of exterminating him.

The Best Nursery

It seems strange that, bent as we are on exterminating this beetle, the Forest Products Research Station is simultaneously rejoicing in having been able to breed it for the first time; but the point of this is that they have proved, what has been for some time suspected, that the nursery best suited to young death-watch beetles is timber weakened by a fungus growth.

There is still a great deal to be found out about their life cycle, but it is believed that if churches and other buildings can be kept dry and properly ventilated fungus does not develop, and neither does the beetle.

It is possible that the beetle will soon be broadcasting for the public, because this research station is thinking of throwing its laboratories open on certain days. Besides listening to the beetle visitors will be able to get information on the use and treatment of every sort of timber, and will be able to see new varieties, mainly from the Empire.

WIND NEWS

DOES IT PULL OR PUSH?

What the Scientist is Saying To the Builder

SCIENCE OF STREAMLINING

It is a maxim in science that Nature abhors a vacuum.

Perhaps no man ever realised it more than the men who fired the first cannon and brought havoc on themselves with its devastating recoil. This recoil was, of course, the inrush of air filling the empty space left in the barrel by the explosion of the charge.

On a tiny scale this inrush of air is exactly what is taking place every minute somewhere round our globe. Air is rushing to fill gaps left by air that has become heated and risen. This is, in fact, the cause of the wind.

Problems of air pressure are now being studied with great thoroughness. Streamlining is the popular name for the adaptation of swift-moving vehicles to meet the pull or push of the air. It is based on the balance of forces, the law which applies everywhere and caused disaster to many an early aeroplane through wind suction at its tail.

Recent Experiments

Many recent experiments have been made in testing wind pressure on buildings; and, of course, it has been proved that we should not speak of wind pressure but of wind suction. A tree is not blown down by the wind, but pulled down. A roof is not blown off, but sucked off in the rush of the air to fill a vacuum perhaps a thousand miles away.

Mr Bailey, of the National Physical Laboratory, has lately been making tests to guide builders of the huge light structures of today toward the most suitable design. He has proved that the pull of the air on their leeward side has to be reckoned with more than the apparent push on the windward side. Roofs with flat surfaces are liable to be pulled off, so it would be prudent to build them curved in situations exposed to gales.

Our factory chimneys are round; perhaps our skyscrapers will have to be. The phrase "standing four-square to the winds" will then lose its meaning.

THE REBELLION OF THE PASTORS

Hitler Intervenes

WILL THE GREAT PROTEST COLLAPSE?

According to news which comes as we write, the Nazi Government has shaken its fist and the Evangelical Churches of Germany have surrendered without a struggle.

This is the result of the protest made by Dr Niemöller and the pastors against the domination of the German Christians. There was a meeting at which the leaders of Church and State were present.

It is said that President Hindenburg favoured the protesting group, and would have asked for the resignation of Dr Mueller; but General Goering had been employing his secret police to tap telephone talks between the pastors and reported that they made for disloyalty toward the Nazi State.

The Bishops were warned that if the Church did not fall in with Dr Mueller all State funds would be withdrawn; and as a result of this threat the Bishops of the Prussian Union have agreed to support Dr Mueller and most of the other leaders in the rest of Germany.

Dr Niemöller was arrested and has been placed on parole, and Dr Mueller has issued a decree making himself Dictator of all the Protestant Churches in Germany.

That is how matters stand at the moment; we shall see.

POOR MEN'S SONS

PASS HARDEST TESTS

Civil Service Posts For State Scholars

GREAT PRINCIPLE JUSTIFIED

The State is reaping to the full the harvest it has sown in its expenditure on public education.

Boys who have started in the elementary schools and gained scholarships to the secondary schools, and thence to the universities, have in recent years been successful in the most difficult examination held in this country.

Last century the candidates for the administrative branches of the Civil Service had reached the universities almost without exception from the great public schools like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and Rugby. About half the 24 vacancies competed for in the last examination were won by boys from elementary or secondary schools who had reached the university by their own hard work and with the financial aid of the State. The surprising thing is that only two successful candidates came from the older public schools.

In the examination hall the son of a duke and the son of a tramway linesman sit together today solving the most complex questions set by examiners.

It was a hard fight to establish the principle of equal opportunity for all English boys, but the results have fully justified this democratic principle.

P.S. TO THE GREAT WAR

Two People Cross the Road

A C.N. friend this week was hurrying round a corner in London when she collided with a man before she noticed that he was quite blind.

They begged each other's pardon, and were about to go their different ways when she asked if she could be of any help to him, and the blind man said he would be much obliged if she would see him across a road.

This she did, and they entered into conversation, which we think worth passing on, for the words of the very brave are beautiful things which all the world should hear.

"I was 24," he told our sympathetic listening friend, "when I was shot in France. I shall never forget that day, how beautiful the sunshine was, for I never saw it again. When they told me I should always be blind my instinct was to say that I could not go on with my life—it must end by my own hand; and then, when I made up my mind that this was cowardly and that I must see it through, I determined to make the very best of it.

"Now I realise how lucky I am, for I have my health and strength, and a business to look after, and my world is filled with interest and with lovely things. I cannot help being thankful when I see how unfortunate some other people are. The kindnesses I have had, too, are marvellous; I can go anywhere in London alone, always finding a friend."

It was strange (or was it strange?) that the lady to whom this unknown hero spoke these words had lost her all in the war—her home (for she is French) through bombs; and the man she was engaged to, who was killed.

These two travelled a little way together, two passing ships which the devastating war had crushed, though it could not crush the dauntless spirit which has kept them on their way in spite of all.

Unconquerable, they carry on.

200 ACRES FOR BIRDS

The Canadian Government has set aside for the birds another sanctuary at Aero Lake, near Moncton, New Brunswick.

It covers nearly 200 acres, and will serve the thousands of waterfowl visiting Aero Lake during the migration season.

A BOXFUL OF FAMOUS VOICES

Will the B.B.C. Let Us Hear Them?

PLEASE, CHRISTOPHER STONE

There is a dusty mahogany box on the shelves of the Edison Bell Company which we should very much like the B.B.C. to open.

It contains the voices of about a dozen great men of the past, recorded on the old wax cylinders of fifty years ago.

How splendid if the B.B.C. would let us hear them, and how amazing to realise that Robert Browning's voice is still in the world. Gladstone, too, is here, and might speak through our wireless sets as Mr Baldwin and Mr MacDonald do. One Gladstone record was made by the strange new talking-machine of long ago, so that a message might be conveyed from him to the Liberals in America. We often heard it in the days before wireless and would love to hear his impressive voice speaking today to the Liberals of England.

Other thrilling records in the old box are of Tennyson and Sir H. M. Stanley, and on another Florence Nightingale tells a little of her war experiences in the Crimea.

We have an idea that we have only to mention these voices from the past to Mr Christopher Stone and he will be as eager as we are to let them speak again.

THE BIBLE FROM MOUNT SINAI

Will Our Churches Collect For It?

Most of our readers must have been thrilled with the knowledge that one of the two oldest Bibles in the world is now safely housed in the British Museum.

Probably they meant to send something toward its cost; probably many have done so. May we remind those who meant to do so but have not that £30,000 is still needed by the Director of the British Museum, W.C.1?

Some have said that this is no time to be spending £100,000 on a Bible, but we do not believe there is any time when the things of the spirit are less or more important. They are all-important always. It is the story of the box of precious ointment over again.

Yet for those who still believe that the money should be given to the poor there is the assurance that the whole of the purchase price will be spent in this country. In other words, the £100,000 will be a credit to be used among our own people, while in the British Museum will be one of the greatest treasures of all time.

The suggestion has been made that all our churches should dedicate one collection to this ancestor of the Bible which lies on every church lectern. It is a good idea, and one which we feel sure the churches will take up. All that is needed is a shilling each from 600,000 of those who read their Bible. The Editor of the C.N. will gladly forward any shillings sent on to him.

ARMY OF THE BLIND

Rapid Growth in Late Years

Mr Myles Bickerton, senior ophthalmic surgeon at King's Cross Hospital, says there has been a rapid increase in the number of blind people.

The number of the British registered blind in 1933 was reported as 72,000, in addition to 2000 blinded by the war. The total is much bigger than this, however, for it does not include the well-to-do blind, or little blind children, and others. It is probable that the aggregate is as high as 250,000.

In a random visit to a hospital recently Mr Bickerton found ten blind persons who were not registered as such.

THREE COUNTRIES

AUSTRIA, GERMANY, AND ITALY

The Struggle of Dr Dollfuss Against the Nazis

EUROPE ANXIOUSLY WATCHING

The struggle of Herr Dollfuss to preserve the independence of Austria against the Nazis becomes increasingly severe, and is of profound importance.

The future of all Europe is involved in that of Austria.

The Peace Treaty of St Germain of 1919 reduced Austria to a little territory of 32,000 miles, inhabited by seven million people, mostly German-Austrians. Herr Hitler's Germany naturally desires to absorb this small territory, an act forbidden by the Treaty. Italy is as naturally desirous for Austria to retain her independence, for she dreads the thought of the new Italian northern boundary running with that of a powerful and enlarged Germany.

The Two Camps

The situation has become acute with the triumph of Hitlerism, and Austria is now divided into two camps—for and against the Nazis. The majority seem still to be with the gallant Dr Dollfuss, as we may gather from such incidents as the marching of ten thousand railwaymen to the Chancery at Vienna to thank the Chancellor for his courageous resistance to what they called the Brown Terror. Nevertheless, the Austrian Nazis are very active, and the economic difficulties of Austria add to the cares of Herr Dollfuss.

The Austrian relations with Italy are remarkable when we remember that two generations ago Austria had her foot on the Italian neck. Now Herr Dollfuss looks to Italy for aid in his struggle, and Mussolini is placed in the curious position of having to smooth things over between the German Nazi Government and the Austrian Anti-Nazi Government which the German Nazis would like to see overthrown.

Petty Tyrannies

The opposition in Austria to the Nazis is not likely to be decreased by the petty tyrannies practised in Germany, the latest of which is the sentence of 15 months imprisonment passed on a poor Berlin working-woman merely for writing a letter to her sister in America in which she reflected on the Hitler Government!

We ourselves have reason to believe that letters to German readers are not being delivered, and it is known all over the world that the free correspondence of Germans with other countries is being interfered with. But was ever such a mean tyranny in the world as Hitlerism, with 15 months imprisonment for a poor woman who writes frankly to her sister?

THINGS SAID

Some of our professions live on the mistakes made by clever men.

Mr Runciman

If you stop smoke London will escape nine fogs out of ten.

Dr J. S. Owens

In going round the world I have seen more statues to Burns than to any other man.

Prince of Wales

My favourite hero is a man of 80 who was killed while sliding down the banisters.

Professor Gilbert Murray

In the big industrial area of the North the rejections for the Army rise to 68 per cent.

The Adjutant-General

The story is told that when the Nazi General Goering was told that his bathroom was flooded he called for his admiral's uniform.

Mr Vernon Bartlett

To suggest that our Government might take a genuine risk for peace would be merely trifling with realities.

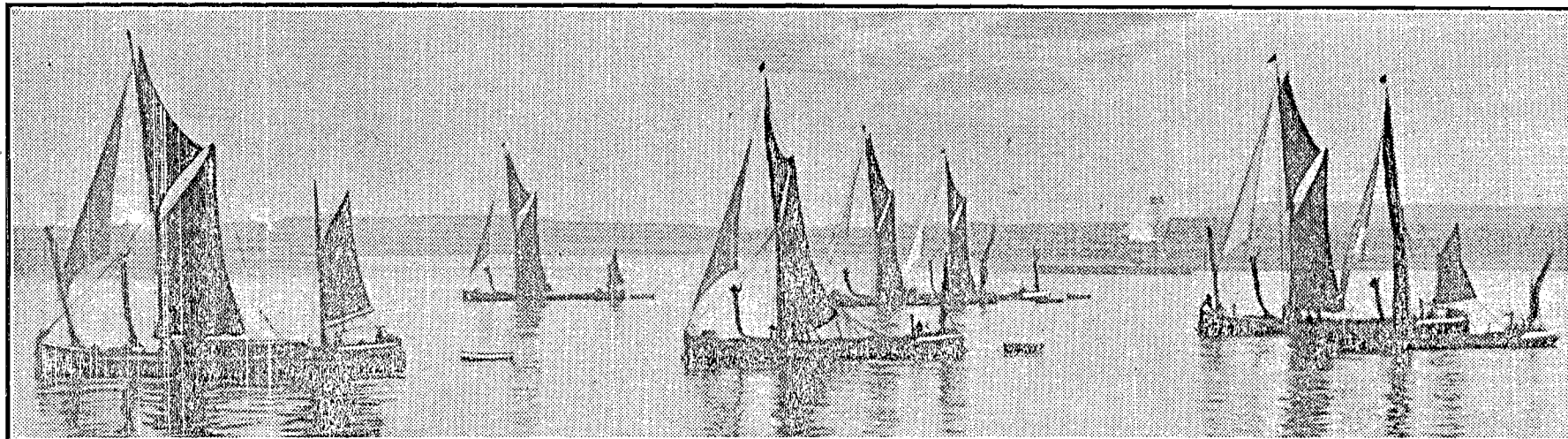
Mr A. J. Cummings

February 10, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

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THAMES BARGES • BOYS MAKE A RUNNING TRACK • WHIPSNADE LIONS



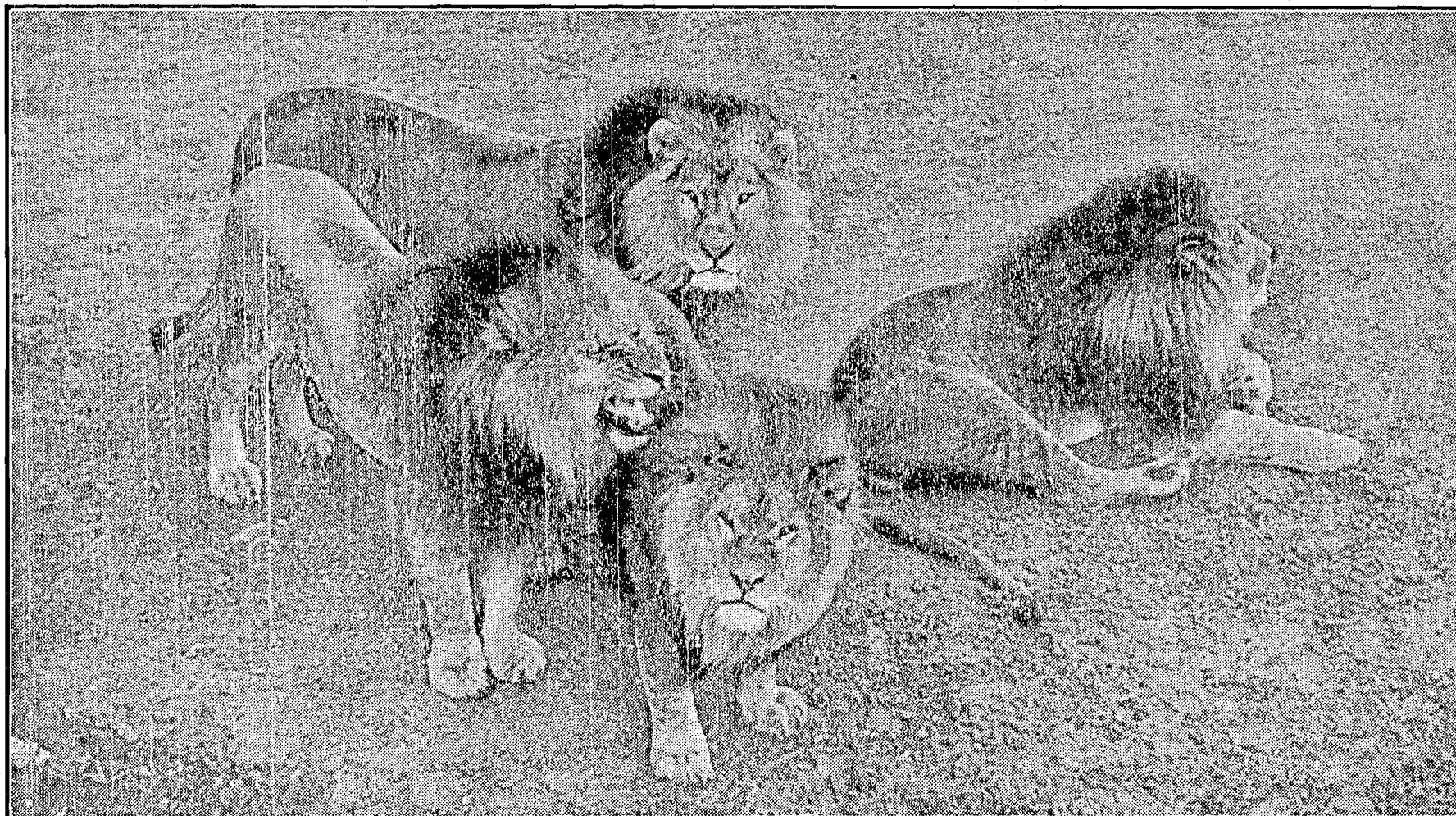
London Bound—A little fleet of barges moves slowly up the Thames near Greenwich as a light breeze fills their brown sails.



Schoolboys as Navvies—Boys of Alleyn's School, Dulwich, have volunteered to do the heavy work of making a cinder-track in their playing-field. Here they are seen laying the hard-core.



A Village of Our Own—Here is the main street of the Buckinghamshire village of West Wycombe which, as the C.N. reported last week, has been handed over to the National Trust



Monarchs of Whipsnade—An impressive picture of a group of lions in the great open-air zoo.

MR HIROTA TO US ALL THE ASTONISHING CLAIM OF JAPAN

The Right To Be the Corner
Stone of East Asia

WHAT SHE EXPECTS OF CHINA

The Japanese Government has circulated in translation an important speech delivered in the Japanese Parliament by Mr Hirota, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

While professing peaceful aims Mr Hirota claims that Japan is the "Corner Stone of the edifice of the peace of East Asia," and, in effect, asserts her right to decide what is peace according to her own sense of responsibility.

Now East Asia is a very big term, covering not only China and Manchuria and Mongolia, but a great territory ruled by Soviet Russia. It would not be a very peaceful thing if any nation of Europe announced that it was a Corner Stone of a great part of Europe and forthwith assumed responsibility for its peacefulness.

Manchuria and Mongolia

The world knows how peace was made in Manchuria, by a war leading to its severance from China and incorporation as a vassal State of Japan. Mongolia is going the same way, and Japanese officers are prospecting in North China very much as they did in the old Manchuria a few years ago. Mr Hirota expects China to "see that chaos does not arise in North China." That is the language of domination.

Japan professes to be astonished that Russia is alarmed, and Mr Hirota talks of "exaggerated Russian stories." But this disclaimer is actually in the same speech by which Mr Hirota claims recognition for Japan as the overlord of Eastern Asia, of which Russia is a most essential part.

The special issue of Mr Hirota's speech is significant. In the guise of a peaceful statement it lays claim to enforce the sort of order which suits Japan and declares that she has a national mission in the Asiatic Continent.

The World Attitude To Japan

Japan cannot continue in such courses without setting the whole world against her. America is about to build 120 war-ships. Britain, Australia, and New Zealand are conferring upon the Naval Base at Singapore which came into being because of Japanese ambitions. Russia is doubling her Siberian railways to enable her to send men and materials to the Far East. The Chinese newspapers reveal a depth of hatred for the Japanese which can hardly have been exceeded in the long and mournful history of racial differences.

What Japan wishes to do cannot be done; but if she attempts to do it there may be very serious consequences before she learns the inevitable lesson. It is absurd for Mr Hirota to talk as though the alarm felt by all Japan's neighbours was altogether unfounded.

A SHINING LIGHT Beacon Seen For 50 Miles

Among the many things which have been done to prevent disaster in the air is a huge Neon sign which in foggy weather will throw a warning glow of quite extraordinary penetrating power.

It has been erected at Rugby Wireless Station as a danger signal, and consists of a Neon tube, 14 feet high, made of more than 180 feet of tubing, and placed in the middle of the 12 wireless masts on the top of a tower 35 feet high.

In ordinary weather this sign can be seen for 50 miles, while in a fog it gives a warm red glow which can be seen over a large area round the wireless station.

50 YEARS AT THE DOOR

Jepson, the door porter at Manchester Grammar School, has completed his 50th year there, and is still going strong.

THE FOUR MYSTERIOUS COLUMNS

7000 Miles To See Old Iron

A SECRET WHICH IS LOST

A number of steel manufacturers are taking a trip to India to study four iron columns which have stood 2000 years without showing any decay or rust.

They hope to find out how the people of those days produced rustless iron, a thing the modern world is not able to do.

It was Asoka, the great Buddhist emperor, who erected these columns in four districts of his Indian Empire. Each stands on a high rock and is inscribed with the laws of Asoka's reign. Earthquakes have not shaken them through the centuries; and storms, sun, and rain have not rusted them.

It is one of the mysteries of Indian civilisation that many of its ancient crafts are secrets now lost. The caste system, which was built round the various trades and handicrafts, forbade artisans to share the secret of their work with any outside the fraternity.

There are, however, in India today descendants of those who made some of its magnificent treasures; but even if they inherited the knowledge it is doubtful whether they will share it, though men may come 7000 miles to learn the secret.

CURIOUS MRS CROSBY And Her Treasure Trove

Curiosity is often talked about as if it were a vice; but if it had not been for curiosity we should have no scientific discoveries, and Mrs Crosby of York would never have found £100.

For a long time she used a certain little cushion as an iron-holder, but at last it was too old and grubby even for that. Instead of pitching it into the kitchen fire, however, she opened it to see what it was stuffed with, and the stuffing was twenty £5 notes!

It must have made her feel quite horrified to think that she had been handling hot irons with £100.

Then she began to wonder how she came by the cushion. She remembered that a neighbour, Mrs Ainsworth, had given her daughter a perambulator long ago, and the cushion had been in it; but Mrs Ainsworth could not remember anything about the cushion.

The notes are 40 years old. Someone must have saved and hidden them, and died before she could tell anyone where to find them. She would have been richer as well as wiser to have put them in the Post Office Bank.

As it is, it will all be enjoyed by two people the owner never knew. The Chief Constable of York has allotted £75 to Mrs Crosby and £25 to Mrs Ainsworth.

DEATHS IN THE AIR A Growing Peril

As things go, we shall not have solved the road problem before the air problem has become grave.

Air disasters are so painfully frequent that they are now thought too commonplace for big newspaper type unless four persons are killed at one time.

The killing of a father and son the other day by the nose-diving of a private aeroplane in Yorkshire was reported in small type, but it was a tragedy that overwhelmed a family with grief.

We are glad, therefore, that the report on the French air-liner disaster seems to promise a lead against the wickedness of starting commercial air voyages in bad weather. The report says that strict control should be taken of aviation in relation to weather conditions.

SOMETHING GOOD IN THE WORST THINGS

The Bright Chinks in
Unemployment

Unemployment, like the worst of us, seems to have something good in it.

South Wales, like many other places, is being transformed, and much of the work has been done by men who have no regular employment. Small parks and open spaces, with tennis courts and bowling greens, have appeared in the most unlikely places—800 in South Wales alone.

It is probably the awakening of a social conscience that is causing Welfare Centres, Halls, and Libraries to spring up there too. It is just as well that there are so many new halls, for there has been a great drama revival in Wales, and miners at work all day long will travel fifty miles or more to compete at a competition for dramatic societies. During January there were nearly a hundred such competitions, which means that at least 600 performances, or nearly 50 plays, were given.

C.N. HELPS TO CLEAN UP DUBLIN

A Little Paragraph Goes a
Long Way

Mr Charles Jacob is 75 years young and managing director of the well-known biscuit firm in Dublin. He is also a regular reader of the C.N. and always buys three copies to go round the factory.

Having read in these pages of a Paris firm's invention to suppress smoke even where ordinary fuel is used, he got in touch with the Paris people, who told him they had a representative in Belfast. In a few days the Jacob Factory had introduced the new method without any increase in fuel charges, and two of the leading Dublin hospitals shortly followed this example.

Instead of the Jacob Factory, which stands right in the heart of Dublin, producing smoke and soot as well as biscuits, the buildings near it are now clean and the people walk about without inhaling polluted air.

The C.N. likes to think that it has helped to clean up the city known affectionately as dear dirty Dublin.

IT WILL SAVE LIFE West Ham's Wonder Machine

West Ham has a new machine. It is a British product, and is called the Dennis Fire Brigade Rescue Tender. A list of its marvels is even much longer than its name, and it is the first of its kind in the country.

Firemen are not only fire-fighters, they are called upon to do all sorts of rescue work. Some of it has taxed even their brains and resources, but now they have a notable ally. With its engine of 80 h.p. the new tender can do 50 miles an hour. Its body carries a double row of seats in front to carry seven men and driver. It has hydraulic jacks capable of raising an omnibus, or any other heavy mass of steel, to release injured bodies in the quickest time. There are five one-hour oxygen breathing apparatuses, carbon monoxide and oxygen reviving apparatuses, a hoist belt with rope and fasteners, a generator to supply current for two 500 candle-power flood-lights, and 300 feet of cable so that these lights may be used at a distance. There is also a canteen with cups and saucers, tea and biscuit tins, and a number of oil-burning stoves.

With this wonder vehicle unfortunates can be rescued in the shortest possible time from lift-shafts, out of sewers or manholes full of poison gas, or from under heavy omnibuses, trams, or machinery.

SAVED FROM THE MELTING-POT

Any Old Bells To Mend?

SHERBORNE BOYS AND
THEIR GREAT TENOR

Till a few years ago the repair of old church bells was considered impossible. The only alternatives when they cracked or developed serious faults were to recast them or send them to the local museum.

But now there is no need to do either. They can be welded and hung up in the tower again as good as new.

The latest achievement of Barimars of Lamb's Conduit Street, the pioneers of bell-welding, is the reconditioning of four beautiful bells from Woodbridge in Suffolk. These bells were made in 1799 by Thomas Osborn of Downham Market, and in each case there were cracks in the crown due to the rusting and expansion of the iron clapper staple.

Cardinal Wolsey's Gift

After repair the bells were sent to Gillett and Johnston's bell foundry at Croydon for any retuning that might be necessary, but it was found that none was needed.

What a pity it was not found possible to mend in this way the great tenor bell Cardinal Wolsey gave to Sherborne Abbey. It has lately been recast in London, and had a fine greeting when it returned to its tower. The boys of Sherborne School, who had paid half the cost of having it put right, met it at the station, and, though it is nearly the heaviest bell in England, weighing between two and three tons, they dragged it to the door of the lovely abbey, where it will now be ringing out again.

FROM CRIPPLES OF NATAL

To Jews From Germany

The C.N. was very much touched the other day to receive a letter from Natal enclosing £4 and a note asking that the money should go to help Jews exiled from Germany.

The £4 was collected entirely by a few Post Rangers belonging to the 1st Natal Company, and they were all cripples.

Half-a-crown was given to each of these girls as Talent Money, and they were able to increase the half-crowns to make four pounds.

That cripples in Natal should feel called on to save up their money to help people ill-treated by a great country like Germany is one more indictment of Nazi policy, which, besides creating a tragic host of 50,000 outcasts in its concentration camps, is turning thousands more into cripples, wrecks, and pitiful shadows of men.

We have placed the money where it will serve the beneficent purpose of its generous donors.

BOYS AT THE B.I.F. Shoreditch Marching On

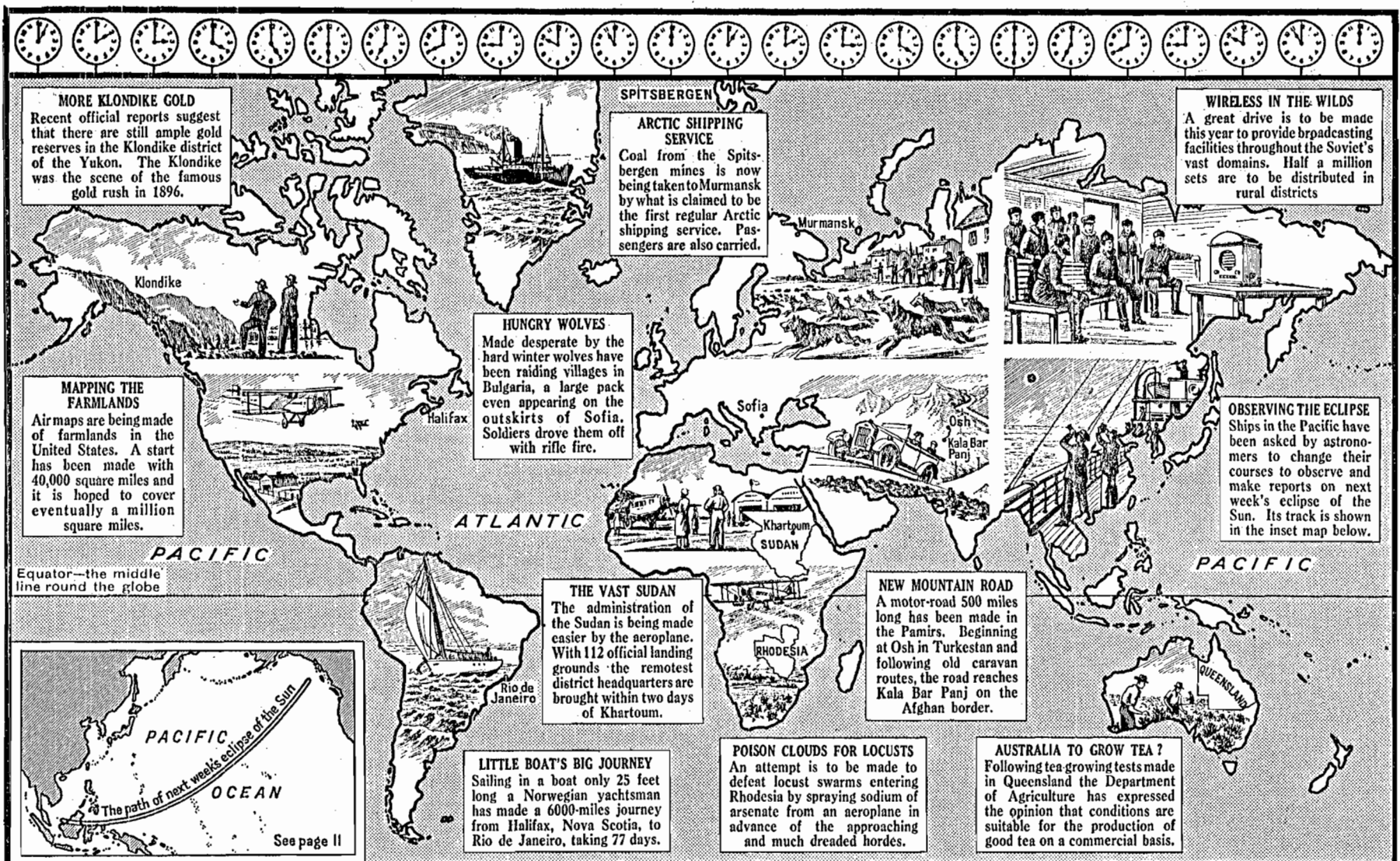
Distinctive furniture designed and made by boys from 14 upwards at the Shoreditch Technical Institute are being exhibited for the first time at the British Industries Fair.

Older boys, trained in salesmanship, will be in charge of the stand.

"Our aim in going to the Fair," Mr H. W. Fuller, secretary of the Institute, said, "is to demonstrate what the Institute does in training students as cabinet-makers, designers, and salesmen, and for the managerial side of the furniture industry."

"All-round instruction is provided at the Institute, not only in cabinet-making, but in furniture and complete interior schemes. Some of the most eminent designers in the industry were formerly at Shoreditch, and old Shoreditch pupils are occupying important positions in various parts of the world."

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FLOODING A CATHEDRAL WITH LIGHT

And Setting It on a Rock

In the last generation a man rescued Winchester Cathedral from sinking into a bog and set it on a solid rock of concrete.

Now it is a woman's turn to do a great thing for this lovely building. She has flooded it with light, that all its beauties may stand revealed.

Miss Jeannie Dicks, who took her father's place at the head of Dicks Ltd eleven years ago, secured the contract for installing electric light in the cathedral. Firms from all over Europe hoped for the commission, but this woman got it, and has carried out the work admirably. The Dean boasts that the lighting of Winchester Cathedral will be the envy of every electrical engineer who visits it.

But Miss Dicks's work is not yet done, for she is now going to warm the cathedral electrically. As it has almost the longest flooring in England it is going to be none too easy a job; but there is a name on the wall of the cathedral to inspire any worker there. It is the name of William Walker, the diver who set the cathedral on a rock.

60,000 CHILDREN AT PLAY AGAIN

A happy new year has begun for more than 60,000 boys and girls of the United States.

They have been taken away from their work in factories and in the fields and are now back at school and in the playgrounds they should never have left.

Good beginnings in most cases have good endings, as every reader knows. Although it is only a few months since child labour was abolished in the cotton textile trade more than a hundred other industries have already followed suit and set free all child workers under 16. Under the new Codes the total abolition of child labour is nearer accomplishment than ever before.

TIMMS OF THE PHEMIUS

How He Carried On

For the first time a member of the Merchant Navy has been received by the Prince of Wales as Master of the Company of Master Mariners and congratulated on his heroism.

Mr J. G. Timms was a midshipman of the Blue Funnel liner PheMIUS when she was hammered by a hurricane in the Caribbean Sea for five days.

At the beginning Timms was struck down by a heavy wave and his head cut open; but he worked on throughout the storm, when the wind was blowing at 200 miles an hour and the seas were so huge that they lifted a 30-ton funnel off the decks. He never faltered.

For the last 23 hours he was all alone, stationed in the scuppers, pouring oil steadily on the waters. He was in complete darkness, alone, with hardly any food, and wounded, but he never gave in. The captain said he could not find words to express what he felt about the grand example shown by Timms.

BRITISH GOODS IN EGYPT

What Japan is Doing

It seems only too clear that the Egyptian market is going to Japan.

In the first nine months of 1933 our exports to Japan fell by nearly a third as compared with 1932, while Japanese exports to Egypt nearly doubled.

This is the result of a systematic attack on the Egyptian market by Japan. She not only offers cheap goods, but has set up a Commercial Association to improve trading relations between the two countries. Apparently a similar method is pursued in every market.

FIRING AT GLASS

The Japanese authorities have been making trials of some breastplates made of a kind of glass.

The other day the inventor fired rifles at them from a hundred yards away and they were but slightly scratched.

HE SENT US TRAVELLING

John Frame and His Great Idea

A grand old man has passed on a few days after his 86th birthday.

All over the world the name of John Frame is known as the founder of Frame's Tours, yet if he had not been a keen teetotaler and a football enthusiast his famous business might never have been started.

About 60 years ago John Frame, a young Scotsman, went to live at Preston, and began to organise trips to football matches and to the National Temperance Festival at the Crystal Palace.

One idea led to another, and the business grew. Sometimes he sent emigration parties, 300 at a time, to the United States. Once he took 2500 Lancashire men to Paris.

In fighting against Drink he carried on the splendid tradition of Preston. He was marshal at the funeral of Joseph Livesey, and was a worthy follower in the footsteps of that great temperance pioneer. About 35 years ago he opened the first of his temperance hotels in London which today accommodate more than a thousand guests. It was at one of these hotels that he died.

Until a few weeks ago he still went to his office three times a week.

DANTE'S PORTRAIT BY MICHAEL ANGELO

Professor Nogaro of the Vatican Museum in Rome has discovered a fine portrait of Dante among the frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the work of Michael Angelo.

Steps are being taken to light up the portrait so that it may be easily seen.

This portrait is specially interesting because all other portraits of Dante are either damaged by time and weather or have been repainted.

WHO GOES WHERE?

And An Opportunity Not To Be Missed

Once again the C.N. makes a gift to its readers.

All members of the family can join in the fascinating game of Who Goes Where? which appears as a supplement with this week's issue.

This new game, which has been specially prepared for the C.N., shows us how to find our way about the map of the world. It will prove both entertaining and instructive.

The offer to our readers of a wonderful stereoscope and pictures is repeated this week on page 12. All who have seen this remarkable scientific instrument are impressed by its high value.

As the supply is strictly limited readers who have not yet sent for the stereoscope will be well advised to do so without delay, for when stocks are exhausted the offer cannot be repeated.

Turn now to page 12 and make use of the Order Form before it is too late.

CUTTING OFF OIL

American Control At Last

The Roosevelt organisation, by bringing industries under control, has at last provided a means of regulating the American oil output.

This has been desired for many years, for the United States is the world's greatest oil producer, and her extensive output has unduly cheapened the product.

Organic products can be increased by agricultural energy and science, but oil is a wasting asset.

Last November the American oil output was over 33 million barrels, but the output of February is being limited to 27 million barrels.

This may lead to a rise in the price of petrol.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 10 1934

Asking For Trouble

WE are much too proud a people to let our Prime Minister go about in a black shirt. We have too great a Past to let our Future fall so low.

But we can only save ourselves from this indignity by doing something. Anything may happen to him who lets things go.

We believe the greatest thing that can be done for the world by the English-speaking peoples is to save their democratic institutions and to continue governing by the people's will. The man has never yet been born fit to dictate to the English people.

But our people are worthy of much more confidence and trust than our National Government is giving them, and of a much greater energy in its rulers than our National Government appears capable of.

All our lives we have heard our politicians talking about slums, and they are talking still.

All our lives we have been hearing politicians talking of clean milk for children, and still babies are drinking dirty milk.

All our lives we have heard politicians talking of developing our wonderful Empire, yet still its vast spaces are crying out for people and for labour while men walk our streets in millions with their hands in their pockets.

Who is not tired of the everlasting talk in Parliament and the everlasting do-nothing in Whitehall? It is the stuff that revolutions thrive on, the stuff that makes Fascists and Communists, and drives people to any remedy.

It is an idle Government that exasperates our idle men, a Government not strong enough to lead its people or the world.

It is still paying men for doing nothing who could be paid for doing something. It is letting people grow up in houses not fit for pigs. It is turning young children into the streets because it has not the courage to raise the school age. It is letting little children play with inflammable toys because it has not the courage to stop their sale.

Always it is Reaction from which Revolution comes. If our Government will lead us our people will be with it. If it will show itself strong they will sustain it. They wish to lead the world, but they wish first to be a nation fit to do it. They are tired of all these idle men about our streets, all these rickety children growing up in slums.

Our Prime Minister may stand up and talk bravely in a white shirt tonight, but only by being great and worthy can his Government save us from a Prime Minister who may have a black shirt in the morning.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why Not?

SIR WILLIAM WILLCOX, the Home Office medical adviser, has been telling us that there are too many dangerous drugs on the market.

Then why not take them off the market and make it impossible for people to buy them?

Fruit For Ever

WHAT the engineer has done for mankind is perfectly illustrated by the beauty of the British fruit shop or stall at any time of the year.

There is now no dull season in fruit. Apples all the year; plums all the year; oranges and grapefruit all the year; so the wonderful story runs. All the world's fruit is at our command on any day in any month.

The engineer thus brings the world to market, making available for all men what was once largely unknown and forbidden by distance to kings.

Unfortunately there are some who would prevent the engineer in his good work and deny shipment to the kindly fruits of the earth. In the long run, we believe, common sense will prevail and the earth's plenty be marketed in every city.

The Empty Pedestal

THE C.N. would like once more to call the Government's attention to the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square.

It is a long time since we suggested that the Chief Scout should sit there on horseback in magnificent bronze, and we hope something like that will be done while B-P is yet with us.

If it happens that the Government is waiting to set up Lord Beaverbrook on the empty pedestal we are quite sure that the pedestal will crumble into dust before it can be done.

Twopence For a Baby

From a small but well-known Scottish maternity hospital come two little stories which please us.

ONE day, as one of the doctors left the hospital and was about to enter her car, she was stopped by two very small girls, one of whom held out some coins, saying "Here's twopence, miss; we want to buy a baby!"

The second story also concerns two children, who evidently considered a doll a poor substitute for a baby. Not long ago, on being summoned by the door bell, a maid discovered, standing on the hospital doorstep, two poorly-dressed little girls. On being asked what they wanted the elder of the two held out some carefully smoothed-out scraps of silver paper, announcing breathlessly: "For the hospital! And please can we see the newest baby?"

We are glad to know that in this case, at least, their request was granted.

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself. Massinger

The Little Folk

By Peter Puck

Oh, don't despise the little folk
(Not small of stature, but of mind);
They may not talk a lofty talk,
But all the same, their hearts are kind.

They don't set forth with much ado
To conquer all the world on wings;
Yet momentarily they're conquering
The aggravating little things,

Like washing-up, or lighting fires,
Or checking off the grocer's bill,
Or sewing trouser-buttons on.
Their busy hands are seldom still.

Tip-Cat

AN artist's answer to life, says a speaker, is in his pictures. He frames a reply.

ENGLISH authors are fond of poking fun at Americans. But Americans often miss the point.

ANGLERS rarely catch cold. And not always fish.

MANY children are air-minded, declares a teacher. Somebody must have been blowing them up.

Peter Puck
Wants To KnowIf invalids love
being down and out

What happens when the wearers pick their steps?

SCOTS have a weakness for feather beds. They needn't pay down.

A POLITICAL writer claims to have a wide public. Stout supporters.

A MAN says he hates doormats with Welcome on them. They should be put down.

A SKATING champion admits he had a lot of falls before he mastered the art. In fact, he slipped into it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

FIFTY young men answered Tubby Clayton's appeal for workers among lepers in West Africa.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS has persuaded Brazil to admit 10,000 Assyrians who wish to leave Irak.

POPPY DAY receipts last year were at least £30,000 more than the year before.

WORKMEN in Linlithgow protected a hunted fox and refused to let it go till the Hunt had left.

FOR the eleventh year Rutland has had no prisoners at its assizes.

JUST AN IDEA

In a dark day there is no better comfort than to stick to our work with all our heart.

20 YEARS AGO
The Devonshire Mother
in 1914

By Marjorie Wilson

Dedicated to certain lords of Fleet Street who would have it all again.

THE King have called the Devon lads and they be answering fine,

But shadows seem to bide this way for all the Sun do shine;
For Squire's son have gone for one,
and Parson's son, and mine.

I MIND the day mine went from me; the skies was all aglow,
The cows deep in our little lane
was coming home so slow,
And "Don't you never grieve for me, he said, because I go."

HIS arms was strong around me then; he turned and went away.
I heard the little childer dear a' singing at their play.

The meaning of an aching heart is hid from such as they.

AND now but scarce a day goes by I set my door ajar
And watch the road Jan went from me that day he went to war,
So when he comes again to me I'll see him from afar.

AND in my chimney seat o' nights when quiet grows the farm
I pray the Lord he be not cold whiles I have fire to warm,
And give the mothers humble hearts whose boys are kept from harm.

AND then I take the Book and read, before I seek my rest,
Of how that other Son went forth (them parts I like the best)
And left His mother lone for Him she'd cuddled to her breast.

I LIKE to think when nights was dark and Him alone maybe
Upon the gurt black mountain-side, or in His boat at sea,
He'd worry just a bit for her who'd learned Him at her knee.

AND maybe when He minds her ways He will not let Jan fall.
I'm thinking He will know my boy with his dear ways an' all,
With his bronzed face, his eyes of blue, and he so strappin' tall.

Joy is Home Again

The house that was joyless
Is joyless no more,
For laughing and smiling
She stands at the door.

Our bird that was broken
Has mended her wing;
Our song that was silent
Anew we may sing.

And all that was darkened
With sorrow now glows,
For Joy is the sunlight,
The heart of a rose.

Estelle Boughton

A Prayer For Dark Hours

In the darkest hours, O God, teach us to be gentle and tolerant and kind. Grant us great faith, great love, and great charity, that through concord in our hearts we may bring peace to the world.

THE MIRACULOUS POWER IN MAN'S HANDS WIRELESS AS EDUCATOR

Great Idea For Reaching the
Remote Millions of India
IMMENSE PRACTICAL
POSSIBILITY

There is no limit to what wireless can now do for the human race.

In our own small island we know how broadcasting has widened the range of knowledge for us all. The lonely shepherd on the hills, whose limited intercourse with his fellows has kept him down the ages a man of small vocabulary and few ideas, is now in touch with all the varying interests of the more cultured thinkers of the cities.

The humblest peasant can listen to subjects which had been the close reserves of scientists and philosophers, and the increase of real education during the last twenty years is incalculable.

Reaching the Hill Tribes

The possibilities of lifting the native races of Africa and Asia on to a plane never dreamed of by our fathers are enormous, and we are glad to record that the Governments of India are preparing to use this new method of raising the status of the millions under their charge.

Few parts of India have proved so difficult to influence as the North-West Frontier province, with its hill tribes and their primitive modes of life. Only three per cent of the population can read.

At Peshawar, the capital, is a powerful wireless station which can transmit both short waves and long waves, and the Government of the province has decided to use this station for broadcasting to the village communities.

Communal Loud-Speakers

Money has been set aside in the next Budget to cover the cost of serving ten villages in this way. Communal loud-speakers will be set up in these villages, and the inhabitants will gather round them and listen to talks broadcast in the tongue they themselves speak.

They will listen to music which they can understand, folk tales, and simple plays. They will be advised about the best ways of doing their work in the fields and be warned how to prevent disease. The news of the world will be told to them, and this part of the programme will to a great extent counteract Dame Rumour, who is always, when unchecked, such a mischief-making jade among primitive peoples. She has been responsible for many an outbreak of violence in this wild land.

A Big Undertaking

Broadcasting in India is at present practically confined to the large towns, but how valuable and civilising and uplifting an influence it could be if brought to the doors of 300 million peasants! It would be a big undertaking, owing to the numbers of languages and dialects prevailing, but there are no technical difficulties. It is estimated that it would not cost half a million pounds to install suitable broadcasting stations for the 250 districts of British India, and the service could be maintained at a cost of £125,000 a year, and a few pence a year paid by each household would meet the cost of the communal receiver and its upkeep. There is little doubt that the natives of India would be willing to contribute to a service which would bring them in touch with the world and all its interests.

These communal receivers have been set up in Russia, where a network of broadcasting stations spreads the news of the world, instruction in agriculture and sanitation, as well as programmes of entertainment, to nearly a million receiving stations. In Russian villages the village receiver is supplied free, and is in the custody of the schoolmaster or some other responsible person.

THE BLIND GIRL HEADS THE LIST

A BLIND girl has come out top of 84 candidates in a recent examination of the Royal College of Organists and also carried off the Harding Prize for Theory.

She is the first girl, sighted or blind, ever to head this list.

Lilian Ripley was already an L.R.A.M. and had won many prizes for music; now she is a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists at 20, though she was born blind and did not start learning the piano till she was 16.

It is not only a triumph for her, but is the most splendid encouragement for all who cannot see. Yet again a blind person has proved more capable than

those with sight. Blindness is not necessarily a bar; it may even be the open gateway to success.

Lilian Ripley overcame its handicap in a wonderful way. She had to memorise the three pieces set for the examination, while the other candidates could have the music before them. She had to learn every note by running her fingers along the raised Braille dots. She had to put the chords together in her head after memorising their notes, and when the examiners gave her twelve bars of Braille music she let her fingers learn them for a few minutes and was then able to play the passage perfectly.

ON LONDON'S VILLAGE GREEN



This beautiful study of a tree in Kensington Gardens might well be mistaken for a view of some village green, the church spire in the background helping the illusion.

EQUALITY FOR BRITISH SHIPS

Trade Round the Coast

Should a nation reserve the shipping trade round its coast to national ships?

This is a question now freely debated by the British shipping trade, for foreign vessels are increasingly invading British coastal traffic.

As things are we place no restrictions on the entry of foreign shipping. A foreign vessel is at liberty to carry a cargo from Newcastle to London, or from Glasgow to Hull.

On the other hand, foreign countries almost without exception reserve their coastal traffic to national vessels. France does not even permit foreign vessels to carry between French and French Colonial ports.

Holland and Norway have free trade in shipping, as we have.

It is now being suggested by some that the Board of Trade should negotiate with foreign countries for equality of conditions in this matter.

JOHN PALMER GIVES HIMSELF AWAY

The Something Fine in Him

The Probation Officer had been on the look-out for John Palmer since last July, when the young man failed to report as the court had ordered him to do.

And the Probation Officer might still be wondering where John Palmer was had not this young fellow of 19 jumped from the Embankment into the icy dark Thames the other night to save a drowning woman.

They had, of course, to bring him before the court for failing to report, but the magistrate remarked that, as he had proved by his brave deed that there was something very much finer in him than he had first allowed people to think, he could leave the court with no further necessity of reporting to anybody.

"And I hope to be able to find him work," said another of the magistrates from whom John Palmer had expected a scolding.

TAKING PAYMENT IN FOOD

HOW AUSTRALIA PAYS HER WAY

A Good Way Out of a Very Hard Problem

WHAT A SUPPLY BOARD COULD DO

We are glad to see that the splendid supplies of dairy produce arriving from Australia and New Zealand are reflected in the prices at the shops.

Good butter from the other side of the world, slightly salt (but not, we hasten to add, with the brine of the ocean), is offered for sale, retail, at 8d a pound, while unsalted butter is down to 6d and 11d.

A great thing it is for British children, for butter is a splendid food. There is all the difference in the world between margarine and butter, and the smaller the margin between the prices of the two articles the better for all of us.

The good producers who send us cheap butter and cheap cheese (fine New Zealand cheese can be bought for 7d a pound) want the British public to understand that Australia and New Zealand can only pay their way by selling food and materials. Let us try to understand this.

Australia's Case

Take the case of Australia. She has to find an enormous sum of money to meet her obligations. She has to pay interest to British investors; to pay for the British goods she imports; to pay for shipping services, and so on. In all she has to pay over £60,000,000 a year in these ways.

Either we must accept Australian food and materials to meet this bill, or go without payment. It is useless to export to Australia or lend capital to Australia if we reject her exports, which are our imports. On the average, each Australian buys from us £7 5s worth of goods every year, whereas each Dane buys only £2 15s worth and each American only 5s worth. So when we buy Australian goods we are buying from a good customer.

It must be confessed, however, that the British farmer has a voice in the matter. Let us endeavour to settle both cases by increasing the purchasing power of our people, so that they will need all the butter and cheese that both British and Australian farmers can produce for export.

Reconciling Interests

All difficulty in the matter could be avoided by setting up a Food Supply Board. The three interests to be reconciled are:

1. The need of good cheap food by the great masses of our people.
2. The need of the British farmer for fair prices and fair play.
3. The need of overseas exporters to find a market.

A Food Supply Board could buy cheap food from Australia, while also buying from the British farmer at a different or higher price. The Board could then issue its total supply either at an average price or at prices graded for quality and kind. By this simple device (much more difficult things were done in the war) the consumer, the British producer, and the overseas producer would all alike gain.

But, as things are now, the importation of very cheap food pulls down the British farmer's price and puts him out of action.

Why not rescue all such questions from mere market troubles by treating them on a big scale as the proper concern of powers responsible for the feeding of a great population?

FEATHERS MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD

Curious End To a Treasure Hunt

A goldminer in New Zealand has come across treasure more valuable than gold. It is a box of 70 feathers of the now extinct huia bird.

Experts say that the Maoris, who collected these beautiful feathers to adorn their Chiefs, must have hidden this box more than a hundred years ago.

The miner was working on the east bank of the Molyneux River when he saw something strange in a cleft of the rocks. It proved to be a package about 16 inches long. There was an outer wrapping of finely-woven flax matting, an inner of native cloth made from the bark of a tree, and then this roughly-cut Maori box with its bundles of feathers.

The huia bird has not been seen alive in New Zealand for 40 years, and these feathers from birds of a hundred years ago are now counted among the treasures of the Otago University Museum in Dunedin.

To the Maoris of old, who never learned the art of working metals, these feathers were more precious than much fine gold, and now they are acclaimed so by modern New Zealanders.

THE NEW ZION

Homeland of the Jews

The terrible persecution of German Jews by the Nazis has given a new importance to the position of Palestine as the Jewish National Home.

The New Zion, it is urged in some quarters, is now the chief hope of the Jews, for recent events and developments have shown that Jewish culture can only be secured in its ancient home. One writer says the British Government has the opportunity to help to migrate into Palestine half a million Jews in the next five years, and thus again to make the Holy Land blossom to enrich Jew and Arab alike.

Palestine, although so small a country, once had a population of five millions. This it might have again, with agriculture, industry, and a thriving commerce making it the emporium of the East.

That all Europe gained immeasurably by Jewish inspiration cannot be denied; are we sufficiently repaying the debt?

THE WALL TO STOP THE LOCUST

British factories have received an order from Argentina worth £500,000.

It is for hundreds of miles of very smooth galvanised iron sheeting, to be erected like walls across the country to stop invading locusts.

It is when the locust is a crawler, before his wings develop, that he begins his devastating route march, and that is the stage to catch him. A polished wall of iron sheeting will prove too smooth to climb, and if the locusts crawl along the barrier the opening they find will be no breach in the defences but the mouth of a trap. Men will be there with rakes and a great pit to destroy them in.

The locust is a source of great loss in Argentina, but British ironworkers are thinking quite kindly of this insect which brings them a £500,000 order.

QUIETER TRAINS

On the New York subways five cars have been put into service provided with noise-deadening devices.

These cars are to be watched for two months to see whether the public take to the idea of travelling noiselessly.

It is claimed that 90 per cent of the ordinary noise is done away with. The cost of transforming an old car into a noiseless one is about sixty pounds.

AN ELECTRIC NOSE

Robot Switches on the Light and Sounds a Gong

Mercury, one of the most deadly of minerals if absorbed into the human system, is being used on a greatly increasing scale in the electrical and engineering industries.

All kinds of delicate chemical tests have been invented in recent years to detect very small but injurious traces of mercury in the air of factories. The photo-electric cell has now come to our aid, and with its help a sort of electric nose has been made which, with one sniff, can detect one part of mercury in 30 million parts of air.

The air is drawn through a tube which is placed between an ultra-violet mercury lamp and a special quartz-sodium photocell. The slightest trace of mercury in the air will cause a shadow, to which the photo-cell will respond. The apparatus then switches on a red light and sounds a gong.

HAPPY HOLIDAYS FOR UNEMPLOYED

The Holiday Fellowship has had a good year, and there was an increase of guests at the fellowship centres.

The society deserves its success, for it is doing fine work for the unemployed as well as its own work for international friendship.

Last year parties of workless men spent delightful holidays at Staithe Camp and at Froggatt Guest-house, and the change from depressing surroundings gave them new hope.

The week-end lecture schools were a great success.

THE MAD HATTERS OF SPAIN

Spain is apparently full of mad hatters, and they are mad because they see so many people going about without hats.

They will not be able to afford to wear one themselves much longer if something is not done about it.

But something is being done. Federico Garcia Sanchiz, the best-known lecturer in Spain, is to lecture the people of Madrid on the cruelty of going hatless and thus condemning thousands of Spanish families to starve.

He must not overdo it, however, or the manufacturers of brilliantine to keep black locks down in windy weather will be hiring somebody to lecture on the beauty of bare heads.

NATURE BEATEN

The news that Gainsborough's Show-box is to be sold has led Mr A. C. R. Carter to recall an amusing story.

Gainsborough copied the idea from a painter named De Louthembourg, who had made movable pictures painted on glass. They were lit up, and you looked at them through a magnifying lens. It was something like a magic lantern.

Once when De Louthembourg was exhibiting a scene representing a storm off the Italian coast a real thunder-storm came rolling over London.

Gainsborough became very much excited, and called out, "De Louthembourg, our thunder is the best!"

ADDING A BIT TO ENGLAND

The Westminster Dredging Company is helping Lever Brothers, the famous makers of soap and many other products, in a very interesting scheme.

Bromborough Dock, owned by Levers, has to be constantly cleared of the mud brought in by the River Mersey. The Westminster Company will treat the silt in a special dredging and reclamation plant, and the mud will then be pumped ashore into areas surrounding the dock. In quite a short time there will be a big new acreage available for industrial purposes.

THE HUMBLE KITCHEN

A Question For Our Building Societies

All kitchens are by way of being humble, for some reason unexplained.

Although the most important part of the house, they are often poverty-stricken in middle-class homes and always desperately lacking in essentials in the homes of the poor. Lately, we have noticed, houses sold at £1500 apiece lack dressers or any proper provision for work or comfort.

Now that the gas-cooker has become so commonly used builders might recognise the fact by providing a proper flue to take away the fumes from the oven and a proper canopy and ventilation to draw away the steam and odour from the apparatus as a whole. Too often the cooker is placed near a wall with neither flue nor canopy, so the kitchen becomes filled with unhealthy vapours and grease.

Sinks, too, remain hopelessly inadequate. A pair of sinks should always be provided, with ample draining-boards and plate-racks. A matter of a few pounds makes all the difference here.

Why do not our building societies insist that the builders they help by providing funds should build adequate kitchens?

THE BEST KIND OF MEMORIAL

Mr William Eichholz has done a good turn to the blind, which will mean work and happiness in the future to many people living in darkness.

As a memorial to his cousin Dr Alfred Eichholz, who spent his leisure in working for the blind and deaf, he has offered to equip a new massage clinic in London near the headquarters of the National Institute for the Blind. It will be fitted with every modern equipment regardless of cost, so that the widest range of treatment may be given.

It is good to know that St Dunstan's men blinded in the war and men and women civilians have reached a high standard of efficiency by being trained as masseuses. Blindness is an actual asset in this work, and through this memorial the lives of many people will be well used instead of wasted.

AUSTRALIA GOING UP

During the war, when the Anzacs were well known to the observant public, we were struck with the fine physique of these volunteers from the Antipodes.

Tall, lean, keen-eyed, and aquiline, they were a fine body of men.

Dr Janet Greig, Victoria's Medical Inspector, has just been expressing her astonishment at the height of 12-year-old Australian girls. As for the adults, the doorways of trains and trams are said to be too low for many and the average beds and ship berths will soon be too short!

Those who had Australian men relatives visiting them during the war will remember how big they looked in our houses. The secret is simple: the Australians are perhaps the best-fed people in the world, and they believe in fresh air.

GIFT FROM AN EARTHQUAKE

We have already published a photograph of the 6500 acres raised out of the sea and given to Napier by the terrible earthquake of 1931.

Now we hear that New Zealand is making use of this gift from an earthquake by dividing the salvaged land into 300 farms for unemployed married men.

It has been proved that the land is good for crops, but it will first have to be drained, and the New Zealand Government has voted £50,000 for making the land fit for unemployed settlers.

HOW A DEBT WAS PAID

Something Good Displaces Something Bad

In Martadan, North Ceylon, is a quarantine camp where over 2500 Tamils engaged for coolie work have to spend a certain time.

Attached to the camp is a permanent staff of scavengers, 45 men, 33 women, and several children. The average wage for these sweepers is 26s a month for men and 18s for women.

A group of social workers discovered a few years ago that the 78 grown-ups were together in debt to the extent of about £175. The reason was in the drink shop just outside the camp, where the sweepers spent their earnings.

The shop was removed to a distance of two miles, and to fill the gap the social workers started evening classes, lectures, and educational films, with the result that in 18 months every penny of the debt was paid. In another 18 months the sweepers had actually put into the savings bank nearly £40 and bought certificates worth £50. One man saved £6 toward his son's education, while another saved £5 to buy some land.

That is the sort of thing that happens when something good takes the place of something bad.

SNOWDROP TIME

What They Do in Denmark

Today I've seen against the sod,
In white and green, a thought of God

Our snowdrop-time is about due again, a time all people love, though a time which many in towns have little chance of noticing, except perhaps for the tiny compact bunches sold about the streets.

This is not the case with our friends in Denmark, for there snowdrop-time is no more passed by than the old St Valentine's Day was forgotten by us a generation or so ago.

In Denmark, so a Danish friend has been telling us, when the snowdrops bloom (a little later than ours do) folk send verses about these little winter flowers, either original or copied, to various friends. These are sent anonymously, signed only by dots—the number of dots corresponding to the number of letters in the sender's names. If, by Easter, when snowdrop-time is over, the receiver of the verses has correctly guessed the sender, this sender has to pay the forfeit of an Easter egg; and those who do not guess must produce a present to the verse-sender, who then reveals his or her name.

NEPTUNE WINNING

SOS is going out from the Selsey coast.

For twenty years residents have watched their familiar cliffs slide into the sea; and year by year their dwellings have got nearer to the edge.

But the last two months has seen such a rapid change that the people look out every morning with apprehension. They are dreading the high tides and battering seas of March, for they will mean the destruction of many homes. Already one mother has stepped out of her door into three feet of water. Many dwellings have fallen into the sea during the years, and the last guard feels sadly anxious.

WHAT IS RIGHT OF WAY?

A new Rights of Way Act came into force this year.

It is important because for the first time we have a legal definition of right of way. It is defined as twenty years of unchallenged use of a thoroughfare over freehold land. Such use is held to be proof that the landowner intended to dedicate the way to public use.

The matter is of great importance to ramblers, and we hope local authorities everywhere are studying and mapping all existing rights of way.

LEARNING TO SKATE · AN ALPINE HOLIDAY · EARLY DAFFODILS



The First Lesson—A four-year-old boy learning to skate on Wimbledon Common under the guidance of more experienced friends.



Playtime in the Mountains—A halt during a ski run to admire the view.



A Hint of Spring—Picking daffodils in a nursery at Spalding in Lincolnshire.

A SCANDAL AND A DANGER

MAGISTRATES AND MOTORISTS

Home Office Moves To Save the Public From Pests

ENCOURAGING OFFENDERS

The Home Office has at last taken serious notice of the fact that our magistrates deal too lightly with motorists who break the law. It has become a scandal and a danger.

In a circular on the subject the Home Office shows that, while in 1932 there were 6430 prosecutions for reckless or dangerous driving, leading to the proving of 3287 cases, licences were suspended in only 560 cases.

In the same year there were 22,343 prosecutions for careless driving and 17,348 convictions, yet only 33 of these offenders had their licences suspended.

Since 1930 there has been no general speed limit, but only limits for certain classes of vehicles or for certain areas. Nevertheless in 1932 there were 32,510 convictions for exceeding these speed limits. Of the 32,510 offenders, only 31 had their licences suspended; in this case also suspension is only provided for by law if there have been two previous convictions.

Why Not Try It?

The Home Office asks the magistrates (the very magistrates who have refused in so many cases to apply the present law) to offer their advice as to how the law should be extended!

It seems clear that what is needed is a law which shall make it impossible for magistrates to encourage motoring offenders. The Government should enact that, upon conviction for breaking a speed limit, or careless driving, or reckless or dangerous driving, a licence *must* be suspended for a definite period in the case of a first offence, for a longer period for a second offence, and for life for a third offence.

This method, giving no option to motoring magistrates, accompanied by universal speed limits for towns and villages, would quickly reduce the number of casualties. *Why not try it?*

The Home Office list refers only to cases brought before the courts. A far larger number of offences go undetected. Not before it was time the Government has announced that legislation is to be introduced at an early date and a road safety campaign undertaken.

A BEAUTIFUL P.O.

More Please

Woodbridge has a new post office. But is it really new?

There are some beautiful old plaster ceilings and a Jacobean fireplace in the building. How William Morris would have liked that! Of course people ought to be able to buy stamps and write telegrams in a beautiful hall; public buildings ought to be a joy and an education; but these things hardly ever are.

In this case the Suffolk Preservation Society worked hand in hand with the Post Office to preserve the finest features of a sixteenth-century house and set them up in a new building on the old site. Woodbridge has gained a very efficient post office, and has not lost its Jacobean treasures.

SHOPS BUSIER

The Board of Trade reports another rise in retail selling.

Last December shop sales increased by over four per cent as compared with the previous December.

London and the South of England showed an increase of five per cent, and there was a bigger rise in merchandise than in food.

A TRAIN FOR THE GREAT MASTERS

Travelling Pictures

SWEDEN TAKES ART TO THE VILLAGES

An interesting experiment with the object of bringing the Mountain to such Mohammeds as cannot go to it, is being tried by the Directors of the National Museum of Stockholm.

Having ascertained that there is a lively interest in the art of past centuries throughout the land, they are planning to send a sort of rolling gallery to tour the country and bring beauty to every farthest nook and corner of it.

They communicated their plan to the management of the State Railways, which worked out the scheme. An ordinary carriage is to serve as an exhibition room. All the windows have been covered up to give more wall space, and six pillars have been erected to support the partitions which will divide up the inside of the carriage into sections. At one end a tiny office has been arranged for the secretary who is to accompany the pictures on their travels.

A Lecture-Room

There are also folding-chairs stacked up somewhere for occasions when the carriage has to be turned from a show-room into a lecture-room. A high-power electric current will supply the right kind of light, and the rear platform has been transformed into a vestibule and cloakroom.

Thus everything possible has been done for the comfort not only of Rubens and Rembrandt and Titian, now after centuries of aristocratic seclusion to go adventuring, but also for that of the public, who are to see these masters, the grateful, appreciative public of the little far-away country places where hitherto these great ones have been nothing but names. All that is needed now is the money to set the wheels rolling, and that the authors of the plan hope to obtain from a benevolent Government.

QUEER THINGS UP IN THE CLOUDS

The Secretary of the Empire Air League has been talking of the queer cargoes of the air, and we take this from his lecture.

Recently a chimpanzee for the Zoo arrived at Croydon Aerodrome with an ordinary passenger ticket. He wore an overcoat, and the booking clerk probably took him for a professor.

Over two million snails take to the air every year for the benefit of the gourmet. Lobsters are transported in special tanks so that they shall arrive fresh. It is rather curious that these lobsters, destined to be boiled soon after they land, should be insured against forced landings and fire.

A cargo of bees is quite a common freight, and Brussels sprouts have been flown to India as a delicacy for Europeans there.

32 MILES OF A FAIR

The twentieth British Industries Fair will be held from February 12 to March 2 at Olympia and the White City in London, and also at Birmingham.

All former records will be beaten, and the exhibits will have a front of 32 miles!

The big industries will show at Birmingham, the lighter ones in London. Former exhibits have done much to raise the artistic and technical standards of British industry, and we may expect a great advance this year.

The Oversea Trade Department is doing excellent work; it has dispatched advance catalogues overseas in large numbers. Travel to the exhibitions is to be stimulated by special fares.

All three shows are well worth the attention of the public, for they lack the spurious attractions of too many exhibitions.

BY TELEPHONE

SOME NEW USES FOR IT

The Postmaster-General Has Two Free Advertisements

COMPOSER AND CYCLIST

The Postmaster-General, who has been very busy advertising his wares of late, must have been delighted to see two excellent free advertisements given to his telephone service the other day.

First came news that Sir Edward Elgar had used two telephone wires to listen to and criticise from his bed the playing of his March from Caractacus in a studio 100 miles away.

Tired of being a sick man confined to one room, he had suggested to a gramophone company that they should make a record of this triumphal march and he would help them.

So the London Symphony Orchestra, with Mr Laurence Collingwood to conduct it, was called to the gramophone studio, and by telephone wires and a loud-speaker Sir Edward was able to listen and criticise till the record was made as he wanted it.

A Hundred Miles Away

"La, la, la," hummed the composer over the telephone, and a hundred miles away the orchestra strove to please the 76-year-old invalid. Then, when the march record was finished, Sir Edward asked them to play his Woodland Interlude, which they did.

"I want it very much lighter and a slower tempo," came the voice over the telephone, and again they played it, while Sir Edward lay back in his bed and felt better than he had done for a long time.

The second free advertisement for the Post Office was in court; for the first time a magistrate fined a man on the telephone.

He should have appeared at King's Heath Court to answer a charge of driving a motor-cycle without an efficient silencer, but he went to the Birmingham Central Court by mistake. From there he rang up the right court. His plea of guilty and his explanation of why his cycle was making such a noise were conveyed to the magistrate, who sent the terse message back over the telephone, "Fined ten shillings!"

ROBERT BURNS TO THE WORLD

The Robert Burns Society of London had a happy idea last month when they placed a placard at the base of the statue of the poet in the Embankment Gardens with these lines:

*For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.*

It was a foggy morning when we stopped to read it and the news from all quarters of the world was as depressing as the weather, but this happy prophecy must have driven gloom from the minds of all who passed by that day.

It would be well worth adding these lines to this monument in an enduring form. Can it not be done?

50 YEARS HAPPY

It must not be thought that love and romance belong to youth alone.

We have just heard of a man who died for love of a woman of 76. They had been married 50 years, and her death broke his heart. He died three days after his sweetheart, and they were buried together.

It is not a sad story; it is a story of happiness that lasted 50 years. Too often only sad stories get into the papers, which is why we record the passing of Mr and Mrs James Kelly of Saltash in Cornwall.

PLAN TO REMOVE A NIGHTMARE

King's Green in Place of An Ugly Warehouse

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND BY TOWER WHARF

Tower Hill, place of grim memories, is today ugly, ill-lit, ill-paved, a No Man's Land. If not tomorrow, then at no very distant date, it is to be transformed into a people's playground. "We want," said Lord Wakefield the other day, "to give it back to the people."

This historic spot, which seems so soulless to those entering London by its eastern gate, is to become "a noble space, supreme as a promenade, the pride of the homecoming sons and daughters of the Empire, the admiration of the foreign visitor, a public park set with grass and trees, bounded on the east by the historic City Wall and on the south by the Tower itself."

A Twenty-Years Plan

Already the Rev P. B. Clayton, the popular padre of Toc H, assisted by our good friend Lord Wakefield and an influential committee, is at work on the plans. These include the removal of the hideous warehouse which hides the view of All Hallows Church and the creation in its place of a public garden to be known as King's Green; the removal of the Underground building which blocks the Byward Street pavement; the construction of a children's playground in front of Tower Wharf which it is hoped to have ready by Easter; the establishment of a House of Benevolence for unemployed dockers on the lines of the Travellers House at Rochester; the inclusion in the area of the largest section of the Roman Wall; and the building of a garage for the cars and heavy transport vehicles which today use or misuse Tower Hill and Trinity Square.

The plan is an ambitious one. It may take 20 years to complete. It may cost a quarter of a million of money. But it is estimated that it would directly benefit hundreds of thousands of workers in the vicinity as well as prove of inestimable value to the dense populations of Aldgate, Whitechapel, and Wapping. We remember "Tubby" Clayton showing us Tower Hill and explaining his dream long ago; it is good to think that something may now be done to bring it true.

FRENCH BARGAINING

A Blow at British Trade

After all, France has not cancelled all her new restrictions on British trade.

The old quotas had been largely restored, it is true, but some were still reduced. For example, the coal quota was only 90 per cent of the old quantity. Cotton cuts remained, to the great indignation of Lancashire.

There was also a long list of new quotas, which hurt many British trades.

Among the new ones were tool steels, preserves, wire, inks, woollen fabrics, steam engines, gramophones, telephones, and sewing-machines. These are samples taken from a formidable list of 116 new quotas.

If these new restrictions remain, a very heavy loss will be experienced by British exporters.

There used to be a couplet running:

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch

Is giving too little and asking too much.

We shall soon have to alter this to make it run:

In matters of commerce, the French beat the Dutch:

They offer us nothing, and ask of us much.

The reply of the British Government, made on January 29, was that unless in ten days the French quotas were restored to their original level immediate retaliatory action would be taken.

February 10, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

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MERCURY'S APPROACH TO THE EARTH

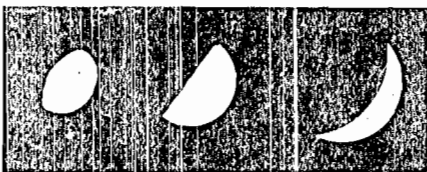
WHERE TO FIND HIM
Shining Like a Bright Golden
Star in the Twilight
NEXT WEEK'S TOTAL ECLIPSE

By the C.N. Astronomer

During the next fortnight Mercury may be seen low in the south-west sky soon after sunset.

As the planet does not set until about an hour and a half after the Sun the best opportunities for glimpsing this little world will be between 5.30 and 6 o'clock. At about this time the approximate height of the planet above the horizon will be between 12 and 10 times the apparent width of the Moon, the altitude of Mercury decreasing, of course, in proportion to the lateness of the observation.

Though Mercury shines as a bright golden star it is usually difficult to find him in the twilight unless the observer knows just where to look. On



The rapid change in the apparent size of Mercury during the next two weeks

Thursday February 15 it happens that the crescent Moon will appear in the vicinity of the planet and this, if fine, will make its location easy. She will be between nine and ten degrees away to the left of Mercury, and though at a much higher altitude she will be a guide to the planet's position. This may readily be found by drawing an imaginary line from the Moon to where the Sun has previously set, when Mercury may be found near to and a little way below this line.

Mercury sets about 6.35 at the beginning of next week, and about 7 o'clock at the end; soon after it begins to set earlier and will be lost to view as it gets more and more between Earth and Sun. At present Mercury is about 118 million miles away; but this will be reduced to little more than 100 million miles by the end of next week, when he will appear like the Moon at her first-quarter phase. Just now Mercury appears gibbous, but in a fortnight's time he will have become transformed to a crescent.

So rapid is this approach that by March 6, when he will pass almost between our world and the Sun, Mercury will be only about 63 million miles away. As he is approaching perihelion, or nearest point to the Sun, he is travelling at an ever-increasing speed, from 30 to 36 miles a second, almost twice that of our world. This accounts for the rapidity with which Mercury is overtaking the Earth and the short time that he will be visible.

Between Earth and Sun

The Sun will be totally eclipsed on Tuesday February 13, but as the Moon will not pass between the Earth and the Sun until toward midnight we shall not be able to see the event in this country.

Indeed, very few people will have the opportunity of seeing the Sun totally obscured this year, as the track of totality extends across the North Pacific Ocean, beginning in Borneo and reaching almost to British Columbia. (See World Map.)

As the period of total eclipse will, over part of this track, last for nearly three minutes valuable observations may be taken, but from only a few small islands and ships in mid-ocean will this be possible.

Owing to a clerical slip a recent article gave the impression that a partial eclipse of the Moon will be observable in this country on July 26 next. This, however, is not so.

G. F. M.

SEEING THROUGH A FOG

The Wonderful Camera
That Shows the Way

Fog is one of the sailor's worst enemies as it is the airman's.

It now seems that the dangers of navigation in fog at sea may be overcome by the scientist's gift of a new power to the photographer.

Many pictures have been published in the newspapers showing photographs of distant scenes which could not be seen with the naked eye. These were secured with the infra-red camera, which has the power of penetrating mist.

An adaptation of this camera is now being tried on certain American ships. It is enclosed in a box mounted on the bridge. The lens of the camera has an infra-red filter and infra-red film is used. Apparatus for developing and finishing the photographs automatically is also included in the box.

The captain of a ship can expose a film and see a photograph of what lies ahead of him in the fog inside a minute, so that if an iceberg or another ship were shown he could alter his course.

The infra-red radiations are effective in varying degrees for different qualities of fog, and so the new system may not be entirely reliable for all conditions met at sea. But there are great possibilities, and actual experience will no doubt show how the difficulties may be overcome.

LIQUID RUBBER

Tanks To Hold Thousands
of Gallons

Is it generally known that rubber is now transported by sea in liquid form?

Great tanks are specially made for the purpose holding 12,500 gallons. The latex, as the milky natural fluid rubber is called, is found to arrive in good condition when carried in this way.

A number of liners are being equipped with these tanks for the purpose of fetching rubber from Singapore.

It is strange, in view of the many and varied uses to which rubber can be put, that its consumption should remain small. Still the growers find themselves compelled to resort to restriction of output to save their establishments from ruin. Rubber is a little dearer than it was, but still sells at what may truly be called a rubbish price.

A DRINK BEFORE DRIVING

By a Doctor

The important part alcohol plays is its effect on the reaction time. This is the time that has elapsed after an image that has engaged the eye is translated by the brain into action.

In a normal person this happens in one-fifth second, but a very small dose of alcohol, so small that the individual is quite unaware of it, delays this action to four-fifth second, and so on in proportion. In other words,

if a man is driving along a road with his foot on the brake and a child suddenly dashes in front of his car it will be one-fifth second before he puts on his brakes after he has seen the child, whereas if he has taken alcohol it will be an appreciable time before he starts to stop his car.

Dr Wayland Ancrum

THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

FEBRUARY 6—DEATH OF
CHARLES THE SECOND

HERE lies our sovereign lord the
King,

Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Earl of Rochester

CHIMPANZEE WITH A CHILBLAIN

Winter Weather at
the Zoo

DOES AN ELEPHANT LIE
DOWN TO SLEEP?

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Zoo creatures are liable to be attacked by all kinds of human ills, but a chimpanzee at Whipsnade is believed to have established a record by developing a chilblain on her finger.

Her chilblain looks like the familiar variety, and apparently feels like it, for the ape drew attention to her finger by rubbing and sucking it. She is having it attended to daily, and as she greatly appreciates the treatment that eases the itching and burning it is hoped that her trouble will disappear.

How Colds Arise

This ape is one of two young chimpanzees sent to Whipsnade from the London Gardens for a summer holiday. But both did so well in the country zoo and became so thoroughly at home there that it was decided not to bring them back to London in the autumn, but to provide them with a heated caravan and leave them at Whipsnade through the winter.

They are keeping very well, and have no objections to their comparatively exposed quarters; and this satisfactory state of health is a strong argument in support of the Zoo belief that the bad colds which are so common among the apes in the London Gardens in winter are due to infection caught from their visitors. Neither of the Whipsnade chimpanzees has had a cold, but two of the four young chimpanzees in the Regent's Park menagerie are in hospital with bronchitis.

When All is Quiet

Owing to the legend that elephants never lie down till they die the Zoo keepers in the Elephant House are frequently asked if their charges sleep standing up. The answer to the question is No; but the Zoo's elephants are never seen lying down, for they are always on their feet when the keepers go home in the evening and they are standing up when the men arrive at work in the morning. Only the clear imprints of their huge bodies on the straw bedding prove that these great creatures do lie down to sleep when all is quiet.

A report from a ranger in the game areas in Tanganyika, however, contains accounts of wild elephants being seen lying asleep on their sides. A magnificent bull elephant, a notorious night raider, always spent the day lying down on his side in the bush only a few hundred yards from the shamba he raided; and he refused to be scared away by shouts, drums, or even by rifle shots fired over his back.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE Collecting Treasure in a Sheepskin

For more than two thousand years gold has been collecting on the bed of the River Pek on the Yugo-Slav-Rumanian border; and now there is to be an attempt to dredge it.

Up this river sailed Jason and his Argonauts from the Black Sea, and, strange as it may seem, the Golden Fleece of their quest is no legend today but a reality, for the peasants of the Pek River Valley steep sheepskins in the water and after a few weeks pull out golden fleeces, the alluvial gold brought down from the mountains by the water having settled in the wool.

It was here that Alexander found all the gold for his expedition in 328 B.C., and now a real attempt is to be made to dredge it. British firms have tendered for the machinery.

By Appointment

THRILLS FOR TEA TIME

Just imagine having eighteen of the loveliest biscuits to choose from at tea time! Ask mummy to buy you some.

Emblem
Assorted
Biscuits

Made only by
CARR'S
of CARLISLE

PER HALF POUND

©532

GLOWING HEALTH!

CHILDREN LOVE THIS PLEASANT dependable LAXATIVE so safe . . . so thorough

Feen-a-mint is the safe, pleasant way to keep children vigorously fit. It acts without griping; without over-action. It has a fresh, mint flavour that children love. It is the great family laxative.

Feen-a-mint

for the whole family

Obtainable at all chemists, 1/3 a box
FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and 1d. in stamps (to cover postage) to:
White's Laboratories Ltd., (Dept. D.1.),
14 Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

FEEN-A-MINT brand CHEWING CONFECTION, WITH LAXATIVE PROPERTIES, IS NOW OBTAINABLE IN THE POPULAR **6** SIZE

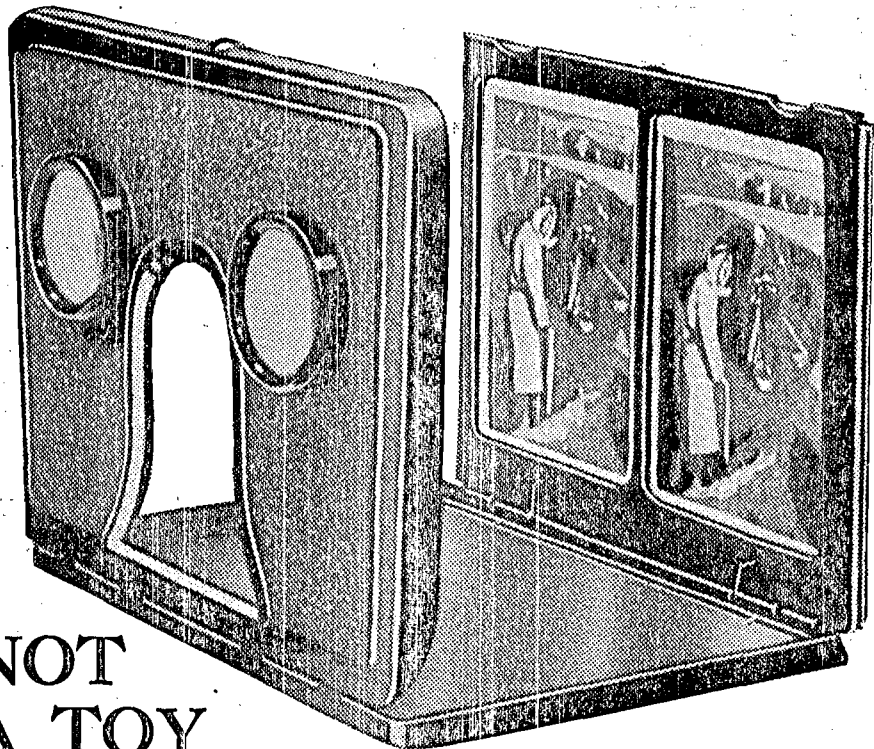
The C.N. Repeats a Wonderful Offer

Every Boy and Girl can still obtain one of these

MARVELLOUS FOLDING STEREOSCOPES

together with a set of 6 fascinating stereoscope cards, at the bargain price of

1s ONLY—POST FREE



**NOT
A TOY**

*A Real Scientific Instrument
well worth five shillings*

It makes pictures seem to live, to jump out of a background into solid reality. It is made in metal, is beautifully finished in black, folds into a convenient size, and, most important, has two wonderful lenses.

A STEREOSCOPE is described in the dictionary as an instrument combining two views of an object taken at slightly different angles into a single image with effect of solidity. It is really amazing. Held up to the light and correctly focussed, it is startling in its effect. What first appears to be an ordinary picture becomes something living and vital.

You see the lion and lioness safely in their cage at the Zoo; that yawning hippo who looks at you with widely distended jaws that show all those huge tusks of his; those funny penguins marching along with their big white waistcoats; there are pelicans at play, a creepy crocodile, and, last but not least, we have the quaint Sambur with her baby. All the subjects of the six pictures presented with the stereoscope are animals at the Zoo—and wonderful pictures they are too.

The Editor of the Children's Newspaper is again offering this wonderful scientific instrument to readers at a price that is far below its actual value, but the number available is limited, and it is only regular readers who can be permitted to take part in this exceptional bargain offer. A big demand is expected, and readers who wish to secure one of these marvellous stereoscopes while the supply still lasts should send in their application without further delay. Fill in the form above, undertaking to take the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper, and then send it to us, together with a Postal Order for 1s. Your stereoscope will be forwarded by return of post. There is no waiting, nothing to pay except 1s, and nothing to do except to promise to take the Children's Newspaper for at least six weeks.

*Send in Your
Application
NOW*

FILL IN THIS FORM TODAY

I have given my newsagent an order for the next six issues of the Children's Newspaper. Please send me Folding Stereoscope and Cards in accordance with your special offer. I enclose P.O. value one shilling.

WITH CARE

NAME

ADDRESS

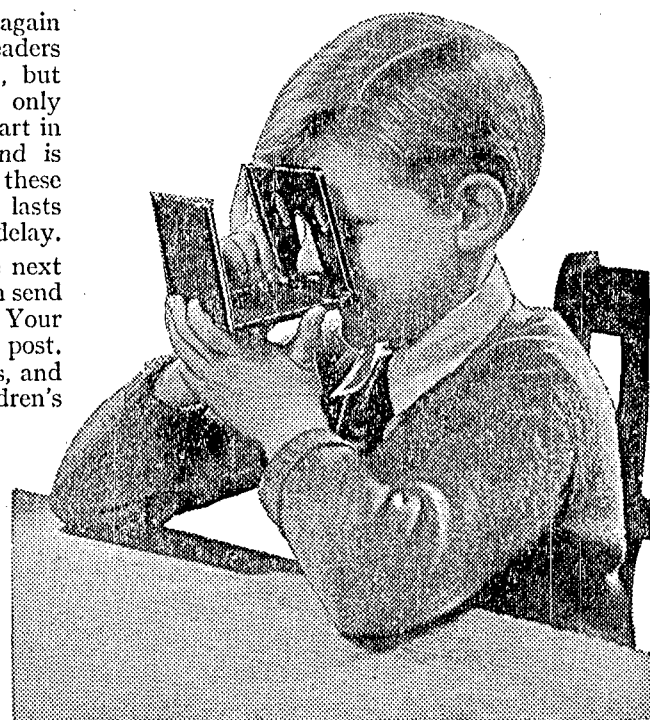
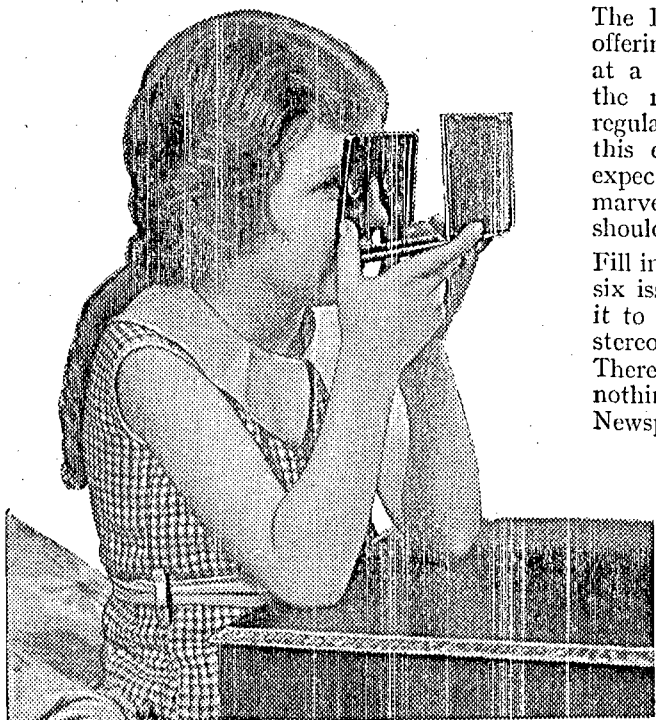
My Newsagent's Name

Address

Enclose these in a sealed envelope with 1d stamp on it and address to:

**C.N. Stereoscope Department,
Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4**

Overseas Readers are not eligible. Irish Free State Readers must pay any import duties imposed.



THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A New Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Glen Tallach, a fine estate in Scotland, has been left to Archie Grant on the understanding that he proves worthy of his inheritance.

He is a spoilt and self-indulgent boy, and his guardian, Mr Chard, can see no hope for him unless somebody of his own age will take him in hand and make a man of him.

Neil Forsyth accepts the job, but insists on taking Archie right away from his present surroundings.

CHAPTER 3

Fine Feathers

NEIL, coming into the breakfast-room at the Lodge next morning, stood and stared. Archie looked up from his kidney and bacon and frowned.

"What's the matter? Don't you like my kit?"

"Fine," Neil answered, grave as a judge but wanting to laugh.

Archie wore khaki shorts, a brown shirt laced up in front, a wonderful green-and-yellow scarf, and tan stockings with green-tasselled gaiters. A cowboy hat with a leather band lay on the chair behind him.

"Fine," repeated Neil, carefully avoiding Mr Chard's eyes, "but you'll need a coat. It'll be cold in the hills." Then he sat down to his own meal.

Trouble began before they started. Archie's new rucksack weighed about thirty pounds.

"You wouldn't carry that five miles," Neil told him, as he turned it out and re-packed. He left only brush and comb, pyjamas, a change of underwear, stockings, and spare shoes. Archie was first angry then sulky, but Mr Chard smiled to himself to see that Neil had his way. Just before they left Mr Chard got Neil aside.

"Here's money for the trip, Neil. And when you want more let me know. One thing I must warn you about. There are others besides Archie interested in Glen Tallach. Keep your eyes open."

Neil would have liked to ask what Mr Chard meant, but just then Archie looked in. "Aren't you coming, Forsyth?" he asked disagreeably. "I thought you were so keen to start."

Neil took a footpath across the hills. For one thing he liked the moor better than the road, but his chief reason was Archie's clothes. He felt certain someone would start making fun of them, and he already knew something of Archie's quick temper. He tramped along quite happily but Archie was scowling silent. He was still regretting the pretty things Neil had forced him to leave behind.

They had not taken food with them, and toward twelve Archie growled that he was hungry. So Neil turned down into Farg, a small village in the glen below and went into the post office which was also the village shop. He was buying biscuits and cheese and apples when he heard a row outside, and, dropping his parcels, ran out.

"I'll teach you to make fun of me," Archie was shouting at a big untidy youth of 18 or so who was standing by a shabby two-seater and grinning at him. There was another young fellow in the car.

"I'm not making fun of you. I'm admiring you," replied the big chap. "What's the uniform? The Bootblack's Brigade?"

The insult was too much for Archie. Whatever his faults, he had pluck. He went for his tormentor hammer and tongs. He hadn't a chance. The big chap caught him by the scruff of his neck, swung him up and held him at arm's length like a rabbit. "What shall we do with him, Arthur?" he chuckled to his friend.

Then Neil arrived. "Put him down," he said sharply.

"Why should I?" taunted the other. "I'm going to take him along and sell him to the Zoo."

Neil did not wait to argue. He charged. His bullet head caught the tall fellow just above his belt, and with a surprised "Ouch!" he sat down hard in the road. The other youth sprang up. Before he could get out of the car Neil had dragged Archie up and got back against the wall.

The big fellow was on his feet again. He was very angry and things were looking ugly for the boys when out came the old postmaster.

"Nane o' that," he said sharply. "We'll no have brawling in Farg. Get ye gone, or I'll call the police."

"It's no business of yours," retorted the big chap angrily. "That boy knocked me down."

"And weel ye deserved it," said the postmaster grimly. "Maybe it will teach ye better than to be interfering wi' a lad because he's better dressed than yourself. Noo, are ye going?"

"Come on, Ben," said Arthur urgently. "We don't want trouble."

Ben glared at Neil. "You won't get off so easy next time," he threatened; but Neil was too wise to answer. The precious pair got into their car and drove off.

"Thank you very much," said Neil to the postmaster.

The old chap chuckled.

"It was just bluff," he told them. "There is no police in the village. But I'm thinking the word was enough for them. You car's licence was no the right colour. Noo come in and eat your dinner inside. There's gude Scotch beef and potatoes in the oven."

They had a capital meal with the old fellow and his wife and after a rest went on their way. Archie had got over his sulks, and Neil made him talk about India. He was quite interesting. Things went well for a couple of hours, then it clouded up, a cold wind began to blow and down came the rain. Both boys had waterproof capes but their legs got very wet. Archie hated it and began to grouse.

"How far have we to go?" he demanded.

"About five miles to Garrel," Neil told him.

"Five miles in this! Isn't there any place we can stop before we get to Garrel?"

"Afraid not," was Neil's reply, and the rain came down harder than ever.

"This is beastly," snapped Archie. "I was a fool to come." Just then they heard a car coming up behind. To Neil's surprise it pulled up alongside and the driver put his head out.

"Want a lift, boys?"

Archie did not wait to ask Neil.

"Thanks," he said, and scrambled beside the driver. Neil got in behind.

"Where are you going?" asked the driver, who was a thick-set man with sandy hair and a fair moustache.

"Garrel," Archie told him.

"So am I," said the other. "Quite a good inn. Do you know it?"

"I don't know Scotland," said Archie. "I'm from India. My name's Grant."

"Colonel Grant's son?"

"I'm his nephew," said Archie grandly. "Is that so? I knew the Colonel mighty well, and a fine man he was. My name is Renny."

Neil, sitting behind, frowned thoughtfully. Surely if Renny had known the Colonel so well he must have known he had never married. Somehow he did not quite take to Renny.

With the car running well, it was only ten minutes before they reached the Garrel Hotel, a small place but very comfortable with a good fire in the sitting-room. Renny insisted on their having tea with him, and by the time they had finished their scones and Scotch pancakes the rain had stopped.

Neil would like to have pushed on but Archie had had enough for the first day. So he got a book from Macallum the landlord and put in the time very pleasantly till supper. Archie was talking to Renny. Archie seemed very interested but Neil could not hear what they were talking about.

Supper was at half-past seven. Afterwards Neil went out for a breath of fresh air. When he came in there was no sign of Archie and Renny.

"They've gone for a walk," Macallum told him.

CHAPTER 4

Burning the Waters

NEIL felt annoyed. There was really no reason. Archie had a perfect right to go for a walk if he wanted to. But Neil did not trust Renny.

The clock struck nine. It was getting dark. He got up and went to the door. Macallum was in the porch.

"Which way did they go?" Neil asked.

"Up the glen," the landlord told him. "They ought to be back by now."

"I'll walk up and meet them," said Neil.

The only road up the glen was the fisherman's path by the river. It was a lovely night without a breath of wind. No moon, but the stars shining in a cloudless sky. The only sound was from the river. Not a roar, for the water was low and the rain had not been enough to raise it—just a low deep murmur, which Neil loved, though he had known the sound all his life. Now

Continued on the next page



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**BEST FOR
CHILDREN'S TEETH**

Stories of Great Courage

In this week's issue of Arthur Mee's Heroes are told the inspiring stories of the following among others:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir Thomas Malory HE GAVE US THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR | Mark Antony CAESAR'S LAST FRIEND IN ALL THE WORLD |
| Nicolas Copernicus THE MAN WITH A SECRET | Martin Luther THE MAN WHO COULD DO NO OTHER |
| James Wolfe THE INVALID WHO ROSE TO CONQUER | SHACKLETON OF DEATHLESS FAME |

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V112



and then a rabbit flicked across the path, but nothing else moved. Neil went on and on, yet there was no sign of Archie or his companion. He came to rapids where the river boomed among great boulders. Here the path ran up steeply among big birch trees and, above, the floor of the glen was level and the river wider and more shallow.

Coming out from the shadow of the birches Neil pulled up short. In the distance he saw a red glow like that of a small bonfire. But it could not be a bonfire because it was over the water. He knew exactly what was happening. Poachers were after salmon with torches and spears.

Shine a light on a salmon lying in shallow water and the fish is dazzled and can be speared. "Burning the waters" they call it, and it is, of course, the worst form of poaching and one heavily punished.

"So that explains it," Neil said to himself, "and Renny and Archie are watching." He went on slowly, keeping a very sharp look-out. Which was just as well because presently he spotted a man standing just off the path on a bit of high ground. He was not surprised, for poachers of this sort work in a gang and always put out sentries to warn them against keepers.

Neil left the path and crept up into the heather on the left. In this way he passed the sentry without being spotted and moved cautiously along the hillside toward the scene of action.

Sure enough, there were at least a dozen men at work, most of them in the river. They wore long waders and were moving slowly up the broad pool in line abreast.

It was a picturesque scene lit by the smoky glare of the torches, but Neil did not think of this. He was too angry at this wanton slaughter of spawning fish. Also he was anxious about Archie. If, as he felt sure, Archie was watching, he might so easily get excited and give himself away, then the poachers, who were a hard-looking lot, might handle him roughly.

Crawling through the heather, he gradually got near to the pool where the poachers were working, and while he crept up saw two big salmon snatched. Suddenly he stopped short and, dropping flat behind a rock, lay staring down at the poachers. There seemed something familiar about one of them. At that moment this man, who was wading near the left bank,

turned and in the red light of his torch Neil saw his face quite plainly. He was Renny.

Neil could hardly believe his eyes. Renny spearing salmon with this ruffianly gang!

Next minute Neil spotted Archie. He, too, was in the water but very close under the bank. Like Renny, he wore waders and had a spear. But his torch had gone out. That was why Neil had not seen him earlier.

Neil saw now that his first suspicions of Renny had been correct. The whole thing must have been planned. Renny had picked them up on purpose and had arranged the whole business in order to get Archie and himself into trouble. This fish-spearing was just the sort of thing that would appeal to Archie's romantic but foolish mind. Neil suddenly remembered Mr Chard's warning. *There are others besides Archie interested in Glen Tallach. Keep your eyes open.* And now, before they were a day out, he had failed to keep his eyes open and had tumbled into trouble.

He had to get Archie away but the question was how. It would not do to wait. If keepers turned up the first to be charged would be the wretched Archie.

The nearer he got to Archie the stronger was the light from the torches. He did not see how he could come close enough to speak to him without being seen. Then one of the men near the right bank speared a very big fish. He tried to lift it but couldn't. In his struggle he dropped his torch. Two other men moved over to help him and one stepped into a hole and went in over his head. His heavy waders pulled him down and a third man had to help him.

Now there was no one very close to Archie, and Neil took his chance.

"Archie!" he whispered urgently.

Archie, who was watching the rescue, heard him and turned.

"You, Forsyth?" he said sharply.

"Don't talk so loudly. Come out at once. Night poaching is a prison job."

"Then that pig Renny—" began Archie indignantly.

Neil reached over and pulled him in under the tree, but the damage was done. Archie had spoken so loudly that the nearest man had heard. He swung round, lifting his torch so that the light fell on Neil.

"You're a spy!" he cried harshly, and came plunging toward the two boys.

TO BE CONTINUED

A BUMP FROM JACKO

THE new Monkeyville Town Hall was such a handsome building that people came from far and wide to look at it.

Father Jacko was so proud of it he might have been the architect. He spent hours admiring it, and then would go home and explain to his family, at great length, what a masterpiece it was.

"For sixpence," said Jacko, "I'll show you round."

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman. "Where shall we begin?"

"This way!" said Jacko importantly. "Follow me."

The old gentleman followed. And so did the rest of the crowd, who fell in behind in a long line.



Jacko went sailing on

Jacko was getting a bit fed up, as he elegantly expressed it.

"You want to know a bit about architecture to appreciate a building like that," his father was saying, as Jacko poked his head in the kitchen one morning. "Now I flatter myself I know something about the subject. What these people want is a guide . . ."

Jacko fled.

As he ran along the High Street he passed the usual crowd of visitors staring up at the new Town Hall, and suddenly his father's words came into his head. He dashed up to an earnest-looking old gentleman and asked him if he wanted a guide.

"Here," began Jacko, as they approached the entrance, "you see before you the magnificent flight of marble steps leading to the entrance hall. . . ."

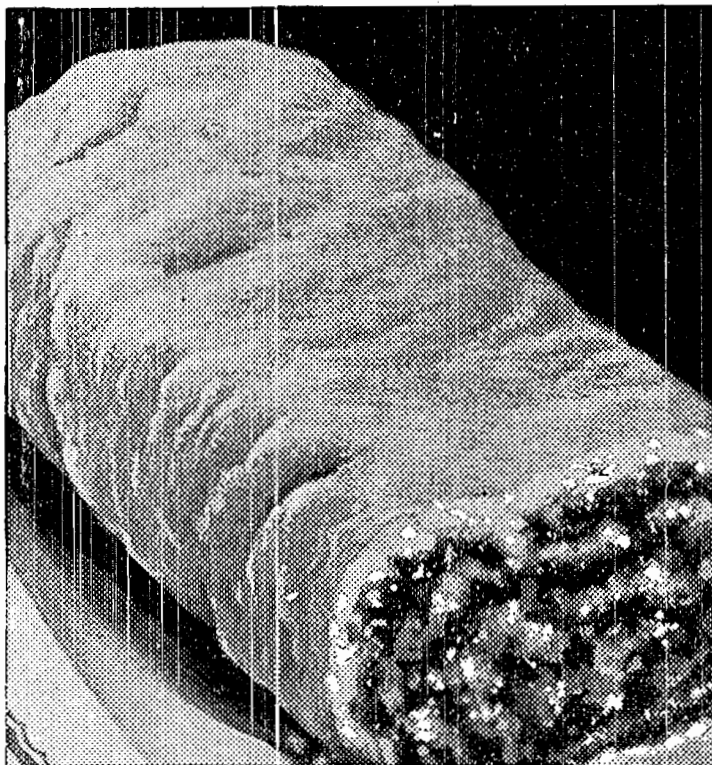
At that moment a workman with a load of boxes piled high on his head came suddenly round a corner, and bumped into Jacko.

"Get out," said Jacko rudely, and bumped him back.

It was a harder bump than he meant. The man staggered. So did the boxes. Over they went—bump-bump-bump on the heads of the unfortunate crowd.

Jacko, quite unconscious of what was happening, went sailing on.

But not for long!



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6 oz. Self-raising Flour, or
6 oz. Plain Flour and flat teaspoon of
Baking Powder. 3 oz. Shredded 'ATORA.'
A pinch of Salt.

Mix the flour, salt and Suet with cold water to a stiff paste. Roll out thin, and spread over with jam, marmalade, or golden syrup. Roll over, pinch top and bottom edges together. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, flour it, and wrap round pudding, tie ends with string. Steam for 2 hours. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons.



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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 10, 1934 Every Thursday 2d

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THE BRAN TUB

The Surveyor's Puzzle

A SURVEYOR who was planning a road through a swamp was testing the depth of water and mud with an eighteen-foot pole. "How deep is the mud?" asked a bystander. "Well," replied the surveyor, "my pole is twice as deep in water as in mud, and twice as much above both as in water and mud together."

How deep was the mud?
Answer next week

West-South-East Train

THE Cheltenham Flyer, the world's fastest steam train, has a distinction unique among famous trains. On its daily journey to London it runs in the direction of three points of the compass. Starting from Cheltenham, it runs west to Gloucester, then south to Swindon before turning east on its dash to Paddington.

Ici On Parle Français



La selle saddle Le marin sailor Le cartable satchel

La selle d'un cheval est en cuir. Le marin va bientôt s'embarquer. L'écolier emportera son cartable

Next Week in the Countryside

RAVENS, rooks, and house pigeons are building their nests. Partridges are now beginning to pair. The blackbird, gold-crested wren, and yellowhammer begin to sing. Field crickets are beginning to appear. The coltsfoot and red dead-nettle are coming into blossom. The common honey-suckle is in leaf.

A Charade

YOU'LL find my first a wild, shrill cry, My whole is often called a hue, My last is never loud nor high, And yet it is to bellow too.

Do my whole you never could, Be my whole you never should, Wear my whole you often would.
Answer next week

The Cold Spots on Your Wrist

WITH your hand turned upward touch the inside of the wrist with the point of a pencil. On the side farthest from the thumb you will feel nothing but the hardness of the pencil. As you move the pencil across the wrist, however, you will come to spots where its point feels like ice. These are the positions where nerves end, and they are far more sensitive than other parts of the skin.

The Smallest Book?

WHAT is said to be the world's smallest printed book has been published in America. It consists of 28 pages with 46 quatrains of Omar Khayyam, and the leather cover is only three-sixteenths of an inch by three-eighths. The complete volume weighs a third of a carat.

Rheims Cathedral Stamp

FOR many years the French Post Office never issued a pictorial stamp of any description. Very shortly, however, France is



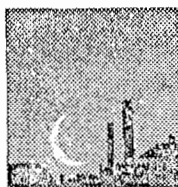
to have a complete set of pictorial postage stamps. One of the finest stamps that the French Post Office has issued is the three-franc one illustrated here, which shows Rheims Cathedral.

Quite Safe

WHAT has good teeth, yet cannot bite? We use it morning, day, and night, And take it when we go from home On visits. Yes, it is a comb!

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Uranus is in the South-West, Mars and Mercury are in the West, and Jupiter is in the East toward midnight. In the morning Jupiter is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 7 a.m. on Sunday, February 11.



Riddle in Rhyme

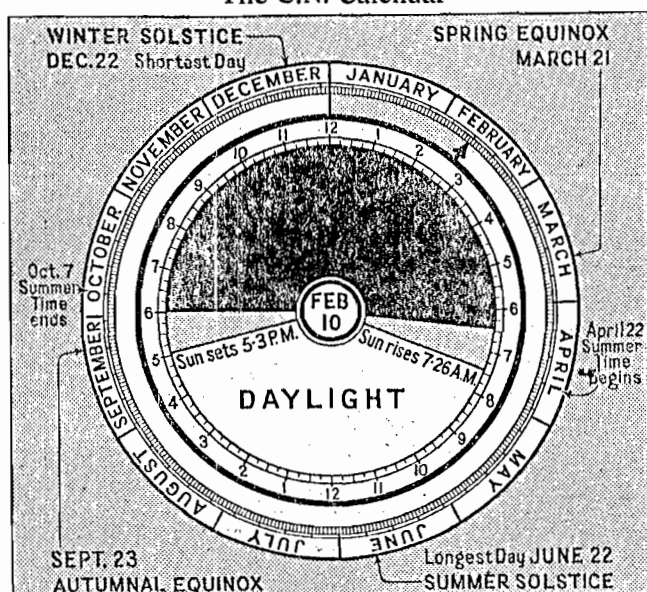
MY first is in saddle but not in ride, My second's in coastline but not in tide, My third is in always but not in never, My fourth is in loosen but not in sever, My fifth is in easel but not in paint, My sixth is in stupid but not in quaint, My whole very useful can be, You'll see me in use if you purchase tea.
Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Queer Arithmetic XLV (45) - L (50) = XV (15)
A Charade. News-paper Riddle in Rhyme. Babylon The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

| | | |
|-------|-------------|-------|
| ARTS | LISTS | TOME |
| HOE | HECTARE | WOE |
| BABE | ERR | CANT |
| CE | ORB | ALB |
| A | PROPRIETARY | E |
| BOARD | AND | TOAST |
| LINO | ASSET | AMIR |
| EL | WANE | NEED |
| | | RE |

The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on February 10. The days are now getting longer. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

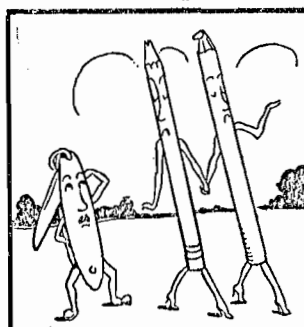
Dr MERRYMAN

Bad Both Ways

OLD GEORGE of the antique shop was nothing if not a pessimist.

"Well, George," remarked a friend, "how's business?" "Terrible!" was the reply. "If things are expensive people can't afford them, and if they are not expensive people don't want them."

Cutting



"JUST sticks of wood!" the Pen-knife cried, "Pencils have no blades or joints." "If you were sharp," they both replied, "You would see we had good points."

Points of View

CROWDS were watching the fire brigade at work.

"Isn't it terrible to see that marvellous museum burning like this?" remarked an onlooker.

"Yes," agreed another, by profession an efficiency expert, "just think of all the heat energy that's being absolutely wasted."

A Tight Fit

RASTUS was struggling with a pair of new boots.

"Phew!" he gasped. "Strikes me Ah shall neber get dese boots on at all until Ah've worn dem a day or two."

Where's the Knife?

LITTLE BILL from Town was visiting his uncle's farm for the first time. Entering a barn Bill saw a pitchfork.

"I say, Uncle," he said, "is that what the horses eat their hay with?"

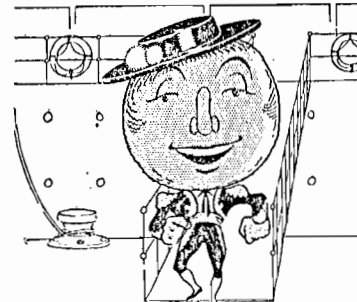
The Difference

THE local theatre had not prospered too well of late.

"What we need," said the manager, "is a drama that will fill the audience with tears."

"You're wrong," replied the proprietor. "We need one that will fill the tiers with audience."

DON MARMALADE'S DIARY No. 1



I arrive . . .

I was born in a grove in Seville, unaware at first of the great honour for which I was destined, until one day I learned that I was a chosen orange—so sound, so perfect in every detail, that I had been selected by Robertson.

To-day I arrive. Pure and sound, ripe and healthy. Wearing my tissue paper jacket, which has kept me spotless, speckless, free from dust or fingermarks. Here I am—full of goodness and sunshine—ready and proud to enter

'Golden Shred'

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ROBERTSON'S TAKE THE TROUBLE



"Cough please,"
"I can't Doctor, I've just had an 'Allenburys' Pastille"

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Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

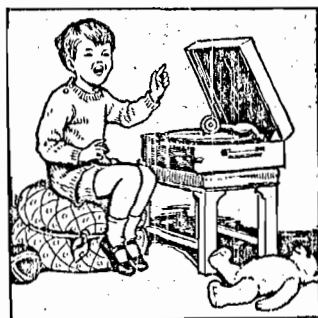
TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

FELIX was going to tea with Uncle Tom to listen to his wireless set. Felix's favourite broadcaster was the man he, called the Funny Man, because he sang funny songs that made Felix roll about with laughter. So, whenever he was performing, Uncle Tom asked Felix round to listen, because there was no wireless set in Felix's house.

Felix thought it was the greatest luck that the Funny Man should just happen to be singing on his birthday of all days, and that Uncle Tom should ask him to tea to hear him. He was greatly excited. And then he caught a bad cold and could not go out.

How terribly disappointed he was! Even Uncle Tom's promise that he would come

and have tea with Felix instead hardly comforted him, because they would not be able to hear the Funny Man.



He shrieked with delight

"Oh, Mummy," the little boy said, "perhaps he'll be singing that funny song where he can't sing for laughing."

"Never mind, darling," said his mother; "I daresay

he'll be broadcasting that song again soon."

"But not for a long time, I expect," said Felix sadly.

Still there was the excitement of seeing what his uncle was going to bring him for his birthday, and Felix's eyes shone when Uncle Tom arrived with a square parcel under his arm.

"Oh, Uncle, whatever is it?" he cried, jumping round his uncle as he untied the string and pulled away the paper; "it looks like a box."

"Well, it is," said Uncle Tom, laughing, "and it's also the Funny Man come to tea with you."

Felix was very puzzled; but when he opened the lid of the black leather box he saw it was a tiny gramophone!

THE FUNNY MAN COMES TO TEA

He skipped with joy, forgetting for a minute all about the Funny Man.

"Let's try this record!" said Uncle Tom.

And soon a voice began to sing a funny song and then started to laugh so much that it couldn't go on with the singing.

Felix shrieked with delight.

"Why, it is the Funny Man!" he cried; "and it's the funny Laughing Song!"

"Well, now," said Mummy, "you'll be able to hear him whenever you want to."

"And is it really mine," said Felix, "really the Funny Man for my very own? Oh, how lovely!"

And he threw his arms round Uncle Tom's neck and hugged him tight.